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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

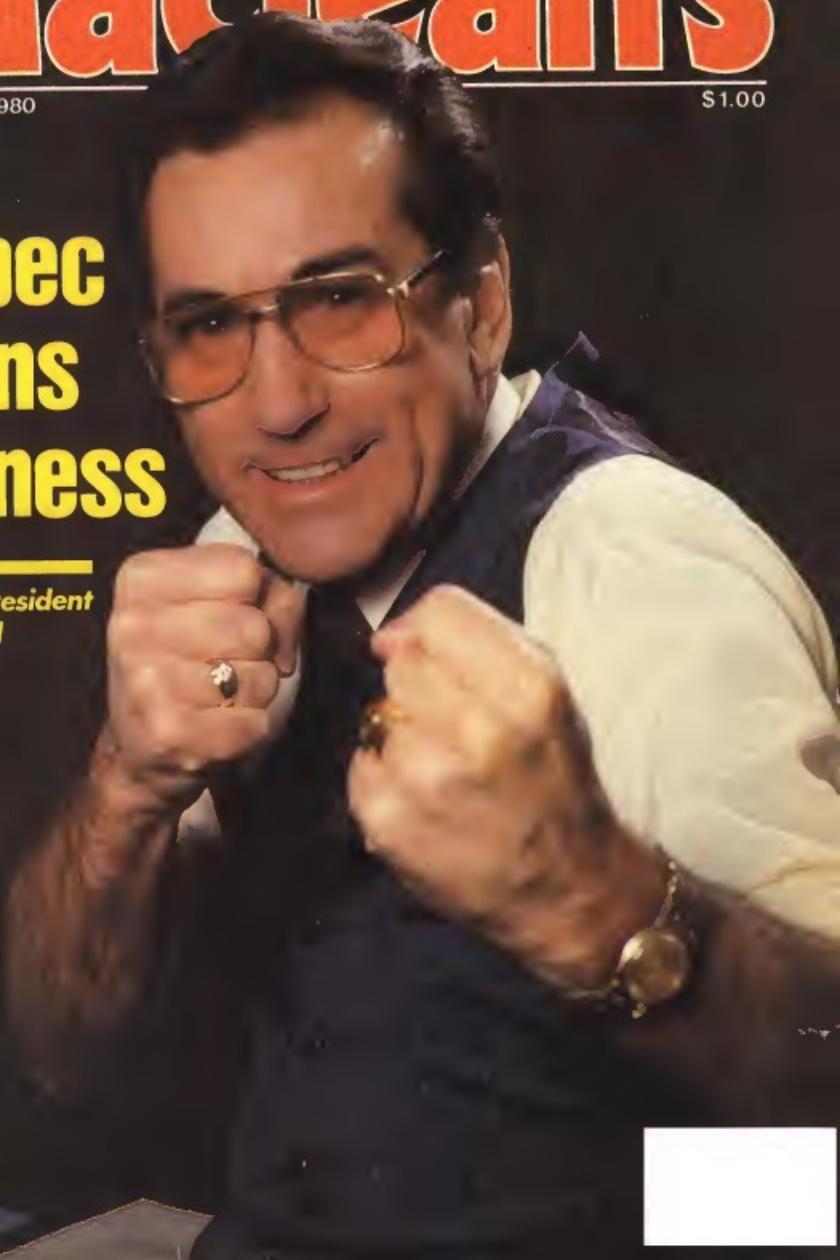
Maclean's

APRIL 14, 1980

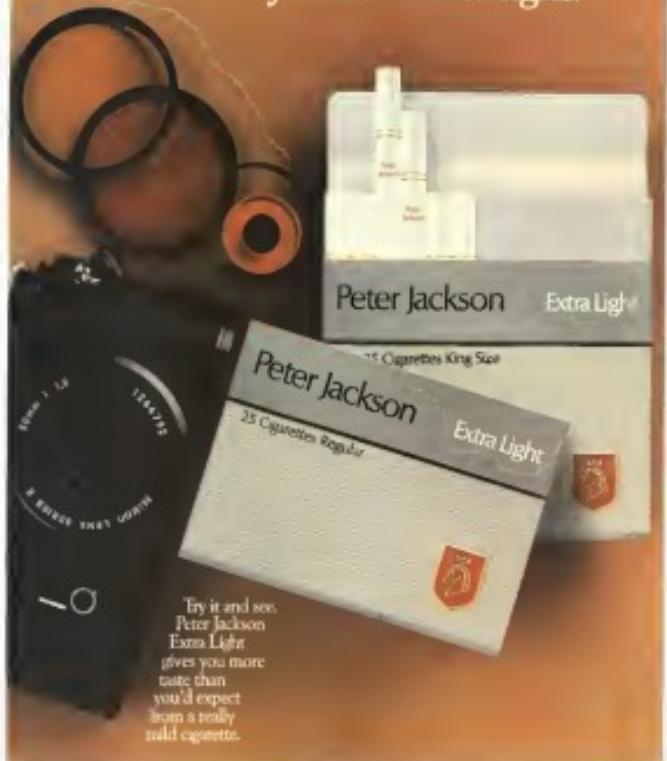
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LAWYER BRAND 15

Savable Sheets

With the city's transit workers on strike, New Yorkers made do with everything from roller skates to helicopters. But now it appears the strike wasn't really necessary. [Page 48](#)

Word list no classmate

After 110 years of service above and beyond the call of normal shopping, Montreal's famous Bonsecours has closed. Disposable diapers were the last store. **Page 55**

СОМКИ ВСТАВЫ

卷之三

Almost unnoticed in the din of language, arguments and power plays among politicians, big business has become an object of fascination among Quebecers. Quebecor's Alain Hamel, Maclean's Hartleman and about 100 others have gone ahead to create a regional airline in Central Canada. And that's typical of recent business enterprises by a new boy network of cut-throat entrepreneurs.

ANSWER

No longer a game to
toward students, per-
hooking growing horde
radiate into a party-f
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necessarily end.

四、上課與教學

At the forefront of an artistic renewal career Bill Reid integrates the symbols of his diminishing race, the Haida Indians of the Northwest coast of British Columbia. **Page 58**

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Return to the holocaust

By David Allen

In a perfect world, the Thai government probably wouldn't order its soldiers to pickup their guns and force 160,000 Cambodian refugees back into their country. But we know what kind of a world that is. So, bluntly stated, but later, they will almost certainly use those gruesome pictures often upon of armed troops prodding weeping women, weeping children, fearful men and crippled old people back across the frontier into Cambodia. A first group, 1,000 refugees, returned late last month.

It is a decision political leaders do not want to make, but it will be made. It will be made because there is only one alternative, and that is to allow the ever-growing number of Cambodian refugees to remain in Thailand indefinitely. And the make-shift camps, everyone here agrees, would become a "Palestine of the Orient," a festering political sore on Thailand's highly vulnerable borders. The sore, therefore, will be cut out before it fester.

No one is going to be very happy about the decision. The refugees, of course, will be the most affected. All. The tragedy is that no one wants them—certainly not Hanoi's client government in Phnom Penh, even for all its later about-face. Resettlement is out of the question, either here or in Western countries. The root of the problem, actually, is a policy directive by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The Geneva-based group decreed last year that the "new" Cambodians refugees fleeing the Vietnamese invasion should not be eligible for resettlement abroad. This went over very well with Western nations which still haven't been able to reduce the number of refugees from Vietnam and Laos below a quarter of a million, despite large resettlement programs. It seems, however, that the troika is unaware of political realities. For it also decreed that the Cambodians should go back home "when the situation returns to normal." However, most people who have spent more than a few days studying Southeast Asian politics realize that conditions don't "return" to anything. They either stagnate or they change at a rate that precludes the description of "normal." The UNHCR policy thus doomed at least 160,000 Cambodians to bonds if they are lucky—handicap or death if they are less fortunate.

In Thailand, the refugee problem is becoming acute. While foreign nations still foot the bill for food and shelter for the refugees, other costs to Thailand have been high. Hundreds of the nation's best minds have been pulled off



Refugees' travail at Thai camp training zone

their normal jobs to monitor and run the refugee problem. Increasing numbers of soldiers and amounts of military equipment have had to be dedicated to protecting refugees, or preventing them from arriving at the Neakdeyah hills of Pei Po's range still operate at the end of a gash. So it was on March 26 that the Thai government, very quietly, closed the doors on the string of Cambodian refugee camps to newcomers. So it was that 1,000 "volunteers" left the camps and crossed back into Cambodia with their clothes and a three-day supply of rice. So it is that the other 150,000 will not be staying around much longer.

They must return to a starving, war-torn wreath of what was once the gem of countries. If the nation is not to be devastated by famine, the World Food Program claims, it needs 240,000 tons of rice supplied before December's harvest. But while the war continues, the country's roads and ports are largely given over to military vehicles, so that the world's charity cans distributed慷慨地.

The fighting has been

bitter

on both sides, but the political, horrific consequences of the conflict are now apparent. Refugees have left a potential

problem for the nation. If the agency should

ever take these refugees to be resettled, the chances are that the adopting parents could wind up with a 20-year-old man murderer as a houseguest. They're here in great numbers, intermingled with the real refugees. There are many of those young killers in "The Big Camp" at Khan I Dang, in "The Khmer Rouge Camp" at Sis Kaeo, "The Little Camp" at Kaenghat, and "The New Camp" at Muoi Bar. And one needn't bother reexamining those names—soon the Cambodians will forget them among their other problems.

And everyone has their problems. Vietnam is still trying to win the Cambodians over. Thailand is trying to stay as far out of that war as possible, while working to save the greatest democratic economic man in its history. Cambodia and the Cambodians are trying to survive. The aid agencies here have grown into corporations, with constantly growing, grandfather plans to "help the refugees" and perpetuate their own existence. Their spending of money has become—in instances which are becoming less isolated—outrageous. (The latest example: an "emergency" plan to provide rice need to farmers at a cost of \$1,000 a ton, delivered to Phnom Penh.) Everyone, when the ships are down, looks after No. 1 Thailand and its leaders are no exceptions. So the Cambodians will have to go back to Cambodia. The perfect world is a long, long way off.

David Allen is Maclean's correspondent in Thailand.



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CANADA II • II

Mulling over multiculturalism

By Larry Zoll

As an ethno and a westerner, Trudeau always had a lot in common with John George Diefenbaker, and an even closer and a warmer relationship with Pierre, mostly not multilingual prime minister. I wasn't even Canada's first ethnic Third Force, mousey and multicultural sonar-in-waiting. But I was certainly the first Joseph of the Multicultural Coast to join Diefenbaker in his One Canada crusade for unapologetic, unashamed Canadianism. But I both believed this multiculturalism for all meant Canadian culture for none, to paraphrase Trudeau, we both believed the state had no place in the hallways of the nation, nor in its scalloped, turban or sheikhairements. As fellow ethnics, Dief and I knew that a multiculturalism made at both lower Canadian, second-class citizens riding steerage in the Canadian ship of state.

Covering Parliament Hill in the early '80s for the CBC, I watched the arrival of Trudeau's giddy new multiculturalism program, a program that completely satisfied not only Diefenbaker's One Canada vision but the One Canada vision Trudeau had been elected on in the first place. From the very beginning Trudeau and his multicultural ensemble fleet of other goodies struck me as being the dunces, the ignoramuses, the geefis, the ignoramus, the ignoramus, and yes even the ignoramus.

Trudeau's multiculturalism program got a professional Polish politician, Senator Stanley Hudon, in the Trudeau ministry, yet released no taxpayer dollars into government trust funds. Trudeau's advertisements in ethnic newspapers as into the silly subdivisions of Ukrainian choirs, Swedish national revues and Ladul and publications. Ostensibly the purpose of multiculturalism was (through the spending of tax dollars) to stem extirpating the ethnics and their cultures themselves in, God forbid, a future American-type melting pot.

In fact, multiculturalism was and is a Trudeau bourgeoisie's ploy to get the ethnics to stay grateful and vote Liberal. Multiculturalism, which was supposedly out to make Diefenbaker and me the racial equals of Walter Gordon and Pierre Trudeau, was a bastard child of political patronage, born in the Neanderthal nose and stink of extracting Multiculturalism encourages double loyalty, ghetto political machines that would shape a Tammany Hall, and daily give the fledgling Canadian Identity, already frail and wobbly, new fatal ticks in its most sensitive sinews.

Multiculturalism encourages the reverse of what it's supposed to do instead of making other groups equal to the two founding peoples, it segregates those peoples, centres

them out, ghettoizes them and then inevitably makes them feel inferior. If you're in third place officially, you're a third-class citizen in fact.

Multiculturalism does not preserve ethnic culture. Ethnic Canadians have been doing that for themselves at no expense to the public taxpayer, for years. Multiculturalists, however, encourage monocultural groups, rating by themselves, relating to each and others, to the rank English and French cultures that are not even remote the dominant cultures of this country of Canadians and Quebecers to jointly survive as a nation. If assimilation to the Canadian culture and way of life has some hazards for Canadian ethnics and the country,

I have to say English culture is as important to me as my own ethnic culture. It is the English-Canadian culture that I am nourishing, despite the third-class status given us by multiculturalism. If I was an ethnic living in Quebec, it would be French culture that would form my mode operandi.

I want to be Jewish on my own time and in my own money, be it in Toronto or in Quebec City. I don't need a multicultural grant to be Jewish either. All the taxpayers of Canada should not have to subsidize the cultural hang-ups of one out-there of the nation. An ethnic Canadian culture that cannot survive without taxpayers' subsidies like mine must sincerely did not deserve to be a Canadian group ethnic to avoid survival.

Multiculturalism is just plain wrong. It is terribly wrong to keep defining Canadians along racial lines, to do so officially with taxpayers' money is monstrous. Multiculturalism strips our ethnic groups and entirely diminishes the political message of the nation. If Trudeau started the process of multiculturalism, Clark looked for a while like he was trying to finish it. The divide created by Trudeau's multiculturalism is the divide that ends invariably in Clark's Jerusalem Fausto. Either way, ethnics are treated as double-loyalty ethnics and not as Canadians.

I say let's tingle the Leaning Tower of Bobble that is Canada today. Let Canadian ethnics preserve their hang-ups on their own, without tax dollars, and just watch their native cultures flourish in the pride of self-help and self-identity. Finally, let's try being one people of equality, with two competing cultures, rather than 400 cultures in search of a people. Let's bring to this country the one idea that we have never yet tried—Canadianism, one and indivisible, from sea to mighty sea.

Broader and political pundit Larry Zoll's last book was *Because of the Decade*.



Let's tingle the Leaning Tower of Bobble that is Canada today!

Q&A: Pierre Vallières

A cooling firebrand sings the referendum

A year after the October Crisis of 1970, anti-Quebec Pierre Vallières showed back separation and federalists in Quebec by rejecting terrorism and supporting the *Fighting Patrie Québécoise*, and its parliamentary road to independence. Since then he has withdrawn from active political life, emerging only to launch his books, which have progressively moved beyond Quebec's nationalist politics to theories of a technocratic, impersonal world government. Despite his distance from Quebec politics, his opinions remain influential, and his best-known work, *White Niggers of America*, exhibited The Press Club's Autobiography of a Quebec Terrorist, has sold well in its language. Last month, Vallières brought 20 years of personal observations about Quebec to another country. His latest novel still interested in the independence, to spend three refresher holidays. The English translation of his 1977 book, The Impudent Quebec, released this month, figures to explore why. Montreal writers Larry Black and David Roger interviewed Vallières for Maclean's.

Maclean's: A decade ago, you were supporting the Patrie Québécoise over the leadership heir to the Quebec independence movement of the 1960s, and risking those interested in "changing the world" that took where they belonged. What has happened to the PQ—or to your concept of independence—since then? to change your mind?

Vallières: I just can't accept a narrow conservative nationalism, a selfish one that doesn't recognize the changes go-



Vallières at a 1970s反分离派集会
“我从没觉得我被叫作共产主义”



Vallières has always had a contempt for Quebecers!

ing on elsewhere—in the Third World, in the fight for the equality of women, in the ecology movement. Independence has to be genuinely liberating, and when I decided to endorse the PQ back then, it was a young party, still in its formative stages. There was plenty of discussion and debate. Most of its members were communists, people who believed that if you voted for an independent party, it was because you wanted the sort of independence. The "associativisme," if you like, only came in 1974 or '75, receiving all these strange, contradictory and uniquely Québécois concepts like "solid revolution," "severely associativism," and a referendum as a mandate to begin negotiations for sovereignty-association. I still have to meet a Quebecer who understands what the hell is going on here. When I joined the PQ, most members freaked out—a majority of them had resigned. But in those days, even Lévesque wasn't afraid to say one thing: government money was worth the loss of foreign correspondents. But it wasn't long before he began changing. I remember in 1972 (when Quebec cities went out on a general strike), Lévesque publicly condemned the walkout. The party executive over-

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turned his decision, but he went right over everyone's heads.

MacLean's: Has Lévesque been a beneficiary of your dissatisfaction with the PQ? **Lévesque:** Lévesque has always had a certain contempt for Quebecers, and his government reflects that. Whenever he has an important announcement to make, he doesn't address them directly; he goes to Wall Street. He's scared of telling like it is here. And since the election [in 1976], the PQ leadership has practically purged its grassroots organization. And now he doesn't think like them, they call communists. I'd guess that there are only four or five active members left. Now the party's own internal polls show they're only going to keep two ridings in the next provincial election. But there is no panic, just an overwhelming defensiveness among party members. The only thing they want to hear about these days is the referendum. I almost think they want to lose it.

MacLean's: But aren't you part of that defiant mood, telling Quebecers to spot their referendum beliefs?

Valleau: No, for me it's a matter of personal conscience. I don't care if a majority question I don't know if there will be a huge movement behind spelling ballots—yes, know. It's not really the tradition of Quebecers to abstain, let alone go all the way to the polling booth and then not choose one way or the other. The majority of indepedentists have rallied to the "yes" camp by default. I simply can't do that, just because Ryan is on the other side. Ryan, like Trudeau, is an incredibly broad man. Anything or anyone gets in his way, he makes.

MacLean's: Where does that leave Quebec after the referendum?

Valleau: Well, I foresee the defeat of the PQ in the referendum, a complete sweep by Ryan's Liberals in the elections that follows, and then the total disintegration of the PQ.

MacLean's: In your books, you've often said Canadian politics have been strongly influenced by the Trilateral Commission, a discreet, multi-national grouping of world-ranking corporate and political leaders. Since Claude Ryan was closely associated with the commission, do you think it had some secret hand in his entry into the political arena?

Valleau: No, I wouldn't go that far. But the Trilateral certainly had a hand in the Pigeon-Roberts Report. Jean-Luc Pépin himself was a Trilateral vice-president, and the report reflects a lot of things this group believes. Multinationals don't have an interest in too strong central government. They prefer to deal directly with provincial governments, which at the end of the day resources, which they're after. I think Canada is a can-



'I foresee the total disintegration of the PQ'

try doomed to annexation by the United States—in fact, you could say it has already happened! What more could they ask?

MacLean's: Would an "independent" Quebec fare any better?

Valleau: No, certainly not. In the Parti Québécois, a pro-US trend took over



Vallée arrested in 1972, charged with counselling to kidnap and murder. It is clear that police informers used the FLQ's symbol ◇

after they got trounced in the 1973 election, and it was around then that the Haynes (step-by-step) strategy toward the party's goals became popular. They dropped a pledge to withdraw Quebec from NATO and SEATO, a promise that used to make the hair of even the most sympathetic Americans stand on end when I'd bring it up. Just what would you do with those you think you've got by simply transferring your allegiance from Toronto to New York?" Far too, independence should bring about a real change. We'll brother with independence unless it alters the way we live, the way we relate to each other. An independent Quebec—if indeed that's still possible—should support real change: the redistribution of the world's resources, ecology and the rights of women. It should also move to abolish the state, the police and the army.

MacLean's: That last phrase sounds like the kind of thing the FLQ was preaching in the 1960s.

Valleau: No, not really. Quebecers today turn to the state—the government and all its trappings—in much the same way they turned to the church 100 years ago. Just look at the figures. When more than 50 per cent of the provincial budget goes to the civil service, something is wrong. It's only in Africa that you find that sort of thing. And how can people put up with a police force that manipulated events in Quebec the way it did in 1970? You know, I never knew that my brother [Pierre] had been arrested in the 1973 kidnapping of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte or anything about the kidnapping at the time, but it is clear now that police informers and agents provocateurs used the FLQ. It wasn't logical—everything the FLQ did played into the hands of the police.

MacLean's: Do you support the theory that says the kidnappers were encouraged by Ottawa as an excuse to bring in the troops, and so to defuse and discredit the nationalist movement?

Valleau: I don't doubt Ottawa masterminded the whole thing. All three people involved in producing one FLQ manifesto—the person providing the money, the person writing it and the person delivering it—all turned out to be police informants. En Ciel d'Inde took the wind out of any plans [then premier Robert] Bourassa might have had to return to [former Union Nationale premier Daniel] Johnson's strategy of squeezing concessions from Ottawa by threatening independence. For six years after the events Quebec had no real government. There's nothing we could have done to stop this free-booting sort of settling the rug and preventing anyone from using its symbol ◇

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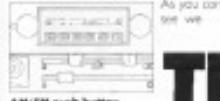
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Profile: Charles Pachter

Art as energy

By Wayne Clark

Had Toronto been the Paris of the 1980s, artist Charles Pachter was saying as he sat in his living room besieged by towering heights and new trades, his friends in the city's art scene would probably have stormed the offices of the art critics and poured water over their heads, or pulled a few noses. "But in Toronto, you know," says Pachter, with some bemusement because the reaction hardly suits his grander scheme and scale of things, "they just go 'uh-oh' and that's about it." The time when he would have liked his friends to have exacted vindictive vengeance on his behalf was last October, when almost every art reviewer in the city decided not to write a single word about an exhibition he had spent two years and \$11,000 mounting. And that hurt.

"It was a professional assault. It was like a bombing, writing a big fat phone and the critics stayed 'Oh well, we've done him before,' " says Pachter, who, at 37, found himself afterwards unpicking an old trunk full of paranoid and quixotic half-thoughts he'd unanswered long ago about both his talent and his dreams to create a Metzpannisse for the city's writers, actors, dealers and 4,000 artists like that.

"Self-portrait 1979" (above), and Pachter in his studio; portrait by Michael



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(Pachter is also a photographer) for the past 20 years for the National Film Board. "We haven't got over that Victorian concept: you've got to be Chippington blood before anybody wants to listen to you. Thank God nobody ever told da Vinci that he couldn't invent the submarine and paint the *Last Supper*. I've been around artists all of my life and I say Charlie's gonna. He's multi-talented with incredible energy. And most of art is energy."

There was some consternation for Pachter in the fact that, at the exhibition no one received, buyers had paid the highest price yet for his works. He ended up giving *gratuité* (one of his paintings, called *Life Is Not A Picnic*) to the man who bought the most expensive of Canadian art in the past decade. Although Pachter needed the boost in confidence, it was not that he needed the money. "I'm almost a self-financer and I probably will be for the time this is written," he told Maclean's recently. "For more than 15 years he's been doing what artists aren't supposed to do: buying real estate." Says Pachter, who has never received a government grant: "It gives me the leverage to do the creative things."

In order to make contacts with creative people for his Montparnasse, Pachter has been



Streetcar Extension:
mimicous trolleys glued
to the plates, and flowers

stores, restaurants, and buildings that he is turning into a permanent gallery for his own work. "I have only one work, a concert hall and a theatre. I want it to become a mini-Museum of Modern Art. There's no high-profile place in Toronto for contemporary art." Pachter has refused to deal with private galleries for years, because of the 40- to 50-per-cent commission they charge.

Pachter's art extends beyond working with three-dimensional space-concepts

Illustrations for 'Summer Moodie' (left):
Pachter with Alwoodson/Owen on Moose
strapping to be a Renaissance man

buying old offices, warehouses, stores and houses in the Queen Street West section of downtown Toronto. As part of what he calls his "transformation vision," he renovates or restores them and then rents for the most part art organizations, design and printing companies and artists. What was once a quietly dying neighborhood of low-income housing and second-hand furniture stores is now—with much credit due to Pachter—draped in bookstores and boutiques and restaurants.

The "renaissance," he says, is part of his art. However, says James Pustie, art reviewer for The Globe and Mail at the time of Pachter's October exhibition: "It is possible to do all these things—

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The Hornet
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

and canvases. Last month he also started hand-printing what he says will be "a megamap opus, the most elaborate and expensive handmade book that's ever been done in this country." The book will be a definitive limited edition of Margaret Atwood's *Journals of Susanna Moodie*, with 30 illustrations by Fischler. He plans to print the 180-page publication next October, priced between \$7,000 and \$10,000. Fischler began illustrating Atwood's poetry in the early '80s while Atwood attended Harvard University and Fischler studied at Montreal's exclusive Cranbrook Academy of Art (he studied previously at the University of Toronto and the Sorbonne in Paris). One of the five he eventually painted in editions of 50, *Spectres for Dorrie Franklin*, was the only illustrated book by a Canadian offered at a Toronto exhibition in 1978 (that included books by Picasso, Chagall and Mattioli). It sold for \$2,500.

Fischler says he's now painting more than he ever has. In the '80s, before he got involved in real estate and his Matissean vision, he spent most of his non-painting time "wallowing and being neurotic." His painting at that time included many tortured self-portraits that looked very much like the German Expressionists, very European. His work has changed so much, he says, "some people would find it hard to be-



Here it was the same artist. "In 1989 he spent a year as visiting professor of art at the University of Calgary where he discovered, in contrast to his 'urban cubist' hold-ups known in his home town, Toronto, 'space, light and the significance of people.' With the same boldness of form and color he had used in trying to assert the essence of his own identity, and with the same passion, to irony and depression, has Calgary lithographer sought to show a national identity shaped—more than we really wanted to know—by commercial American pop and pop. When he

returned to Toronto in 1993 his focus shifted again, this time to reworking a local subject: Toronto's streetcars. For two years his artist's eyes saw little else.

Although his work is now passionately linked with the people and places physically closest to him, he took another whiplash flag at nationalism in 1995.

Although he's stuck in one place, physically closest to people and places physically closest to him, he took another whiplash flag at nationalism in 1995. Although known for his mimetic graphics he wanted "to go national." He had already used the \$5,000 he made at his first exhibition as a down payment

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Letters

Something of value

Some our writer has some claim to being a Canadian pioneer in the field of ethics studies (*Life and Death Ethics*, March 17) and because our approach is somewhat innovative, your readers may be interested in learning about it. We see the current crisis as double-edged. Technology has indeed given rise to urgent ethical problems, but another and more ominous side of the equation is that the source of human self-understanding upon which effective judgments must be based, have almost completely dried up. If we are to treat human values as real, we must first believe that we are capable of being motivated by something more exalted than the carrot or the stick. Today, however, morality is widely regarded as a mere function of material well-being and, as such, to be attained largely by methods more appropriate to the study of physics. This is both the East and the West's loss. In the West, the loss of moral truth as part of the human endeavour and, indeed, as morality's welfare. This is no longer taken seriously. Human nature itself has become a dirty phrase and the human personality reduced to what Sigmund Koch calls the hyphen between the stimulus and the response. The universal and peculiar value of the human can be given neither by logic nor experiment. It can, however, become intelligible when viewed, biocentrally and narratively, in dynamic interaction with two other values: truth and freedom. This triad provides a key for the understanding and criticism of both personal and cultural development. It is this, as Rastenius said, that enables a man to look a

tyrant in the face. Human nature transmits time and culture sufficiently to enable useful comparisons to be made. The human mind is also quite capable of synthesizing diverse experiences transmitted through varying disciplines and cultures. A new kind of systematic study of the human is thus possible. It involves an inclusive mode of knowing and, since the notorious "big-value guy" was originally opened up to us narrows a definition of knowledge, it will help to close it. These international conferences have been based on this approach and Saint Mary's will soon introduce courses for credit. We will continue to address urgent human problems in the total human context and in the light of the interdependence of truth, person-based and freedom.

PROF. JOHN R. MACDONALD, DIRECTOR,
INSTITUTE OF HUMAN VALUES,
SAINT MARY'S UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX

Squeeze plays

Squeezing the Middle Class (March 10) by Val Ross was a very good description of my concern's dilemma. It was very refreshing and encouraging to see an expression of hope at a time when everybody is busy pointing to the future with doom and gloom.

JAN PELLMANN, WESTON, ONT

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SEPARATE



Friendly squeeze: a middle-middle class

arbitrary income bracket creates far than the inherent right to something most of the world would consider a privilege. Do we really have the right to these things, or do we in fact have the opportunity and freedom to strive for them? It is the common belief that these things are a right that makes them so hard for people to accept the lack of them.

KELLY McFARLAND, LONDON, ONT

Your article on the middle class was obviously a response to what is a growing concern amongst our friends and associates. Let me, to oversimplify, say that the way we do make us unhappy with the pattern of our lives, but change seems possible. While we and the people of Canada need some financial solutions or ways of getting ahead. It is not enough to believe in the American Dream, you can't eat foods. The middle class, by virtue of its unique position in society, deserves to be able to own a home, that, to me, is what the term middle class means. Our grandparents and parents left Europe to come to Canada to try to better their lives. Owning a plot of land should not be relegated to the dreams of oppressed peoples.

DERRIC AND NORMAN HASSER, WINNIPEG

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their name and address. Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 101 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5H 2A7.

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I was moved by the myriad of truths in your article on the middle class. However, I feel that a rising feature of the press should have been an interview with a Canadian couple, and I am sure there are many of them, who, having gone is over their heads due to credit cards and the great Canadian spending syndrome, have found had to face real sacrifice to meet their debts and accept a reduced standard of living under the firm hand of a debt counselor. Classes are they sleep much better at night.

A. WEBB, VICTORIA, B.C.

Casting stones

Why all the fuss? (*Mother's Little Helper*, March 18)? If people object to surrogate motherhood on Judeo-Christian grounds, they can make their case. Did not Abraham, when faced with a similar problem, do what amounts to the same thing? Similarly, if someone in the last 17 centuries knew how to do it in a somewhat different manner, by spending a night in a tent with an Egyptian maid, whereas the Delaware father was only allowed to look out

his fantasies in a medieval clinic. Did the Delaware father break any of the Ten Commandments? I think not.

G.H. RICHARD WESTLOCK, ALTA.

A fitting last hurrah

Thank you for your profile on that great Canadian lady, Judy LaMarsh. Working as a widow, March 21. With dignity and courage she is putting her house in order. It is a fitting last hurrah for a very sturdy lady.

KATHRINE PARKER
REGINA, SK.

All of us will die, including the self-righteous, a fact that we all seem to be particularly squeamish about. The significant question is how many of us will achieve Judy LaMarsh's real beauty en route to death? Thank you for the tenderness of the verbal and visual portrait.

BARTH PRENTISS, HALIFAX, N.S.

Magnum Force

As an old philosophy student may I say with a smidgen of authority that Barbara Amiel's article in *Elles* ("King How to Be a Hermit" and *How* Live Completely, March 18) was bang on! I like her reasoning.

JOHN A. DEMAR, BURNABY, B.C.

Some are more equal

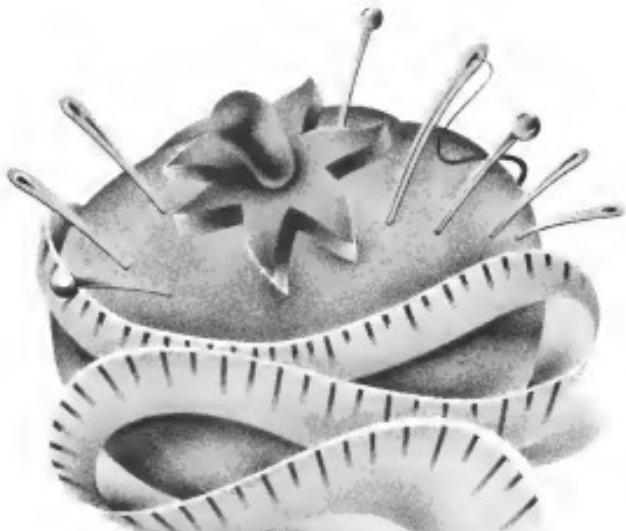
It is refreshing and unique to find a review of Mr. Fetheringham's biography admitting that a stenographer was among his secretaries. But then the details of her position could tell the essential qualities of "high-class" colleagues (*The Amazing Adventures of Alice in Wonderland*, March 16). Although it probably wasn't what Mr. Fetheringham intended to convey, the message comes through loud and clear: stenographers and secretaries are undervalued and underpaid. But how about those highly-paid colleagues?

MAT HENCLIK, VANCOUVER

Soul brother

I read Barbara Amiel's review of Ronald Segal's biography of Trotsky with admiration, especially as because of her reference to Thor Steinberg, a friend of mine who died a few years ago in London. Regrettably, of course (Ms. Walter Gluck in *The Kingdom of Scandinavia*, March 21) I am a recent arrival in Canada—hostile, immigrant—and it does my soul good to see such positive appreciation and acknowledgment in so outstanding a Canadian magazine as yours. Again, my congratulations on a fine review.

ARNOLD REICHMAN, PENTICTON, B.C.



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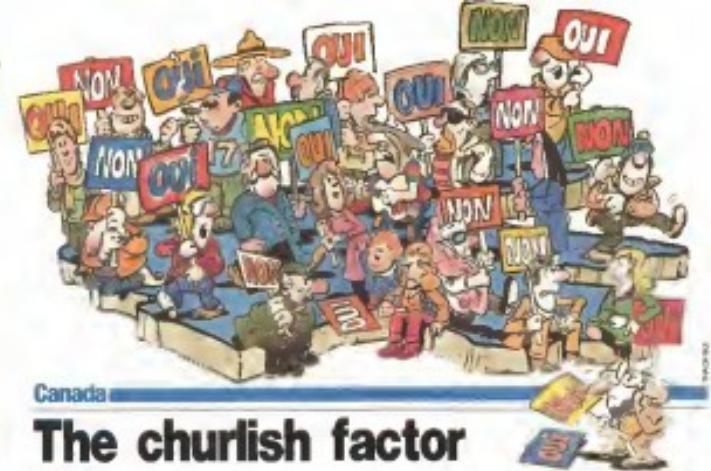
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Canada

The churlish factor

By Susan McIver



Signs behind closed doors, a prominent federal MP from Quebec—now a cabinet minister—shocked his caucus colleagues by suggesting they all say "yes" to the Quebec referendum, thereby jeopardizing the party's Quebecois platform and apparently successful campaign. The bold proposal brought immediate sharp re-takes of breath, then sycoraxian and dismissive laughter. But there hasn't been much joy in the federalist camp since. In fact, several Quebec backbenchers are frankly worried that the "yes" forces are winning the referendum, and no number of showy public appearances—like the massive pep rally of federalist forces co-chaired by Claude Ryan and Jean Chretien in Montreal last week, or Ryan and Pierre Trudeau's intimate luncheon in Ottawa Friday—are going to turn things around. Is their sudden anxiety wise? Federalists have been publicly critical of Claude Ryan's efforts—criticisms that spurred last week's flurry of public fence-mending. But others believe they have all been outsmarted by the rq, which has fashioned a question so in-

genious that to say "non" seems impossibly churlish.

Their problem now is how to salvage the "no" campaign, and the answer that started emerging in Ottawa and Montreal last week illuminates some very basic differences within the centrist-leaning Quebec caucus. On the one hand, some of the new, younger backbenchers—like Jean Lapierre from Gaspésie, Que.—are arguing against any separate or massive federal intervention. The youngest MP on the Hill—27-year-old Daniel Paillé—was recently re-elected to a seat of Quebec's ranking ward healer, André Ouellet. Lapierre's own organizational abilities are no doubt regarded that he was sent to Fredericton riding to work in the recent federal by-election, and it was there that he picked up some disturbing intelligence, hanging around a local arms discussion. In his blustery "looking like anything but an MP" (Some Liberals, he discovered, plan to vote "yes" in the referendum to give Quebec its mandate to negotiate, then they plan to toss out Paul Lévesque's negotiating team and start Claude Ryan in the next provincial election). It is a scenario Lapierre heard repeated often enough that he started to worry. Since then he has been talking to everyone from Ouellet to caucus godfather Marc Lalonde, warning "If we give the referendum too much importance, if we say it is a hidden vote of independence, then it goes off to death." *athertly* He hardly

wants to add "What if we lose?"

There is another concern among a number of the new Quebec MPs (the class of '78), one they share to within disbelief: They are afraid since most of the oligarchic powers of French power—people like Jean Chretien—will provide a backlash in Quebec if they continue their almost fanatical demands of autonomy. (The youngest MP on the Hill—27-year-old Daniel Paillé—was recently re-elected to a seat of Quebec's ranking ward healer, André Ouellet. [He has since said in an interview that some 40 ministers who come to Ottawa have looked down on him because of his accent... when talking French]. That isn't a position shared by some of the younger Quebec federal MPs who are closer to the rq in age and outlook—and who have lived almost four years in Rest Lévesque's Quebec. "A lot of those guys [Chretien, Lalonde, Trudeau] moved to Ottawa 15 or 20 years ago," says one. "They've gotten out of touch with Quebec and it's a real problem." That kind of remark ignites the highly influential Chretien, who has shown no signs so far to will moderate his message.

Such a remark would also have been unthinkable a few years ago, when the Quebec census kept all its disintegrations es. Finally. As a result it came to be regarded as a monarchist, and unfaltering stereotypes sprang up: Quebec Liberals were either simple, naive-like

Macleans

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young MPs. Quebecers will only have true equality in Ottawa when they have influence in economic as well as linguistic and cultural areas, when they can comfortably disagree with their English-language colleagues rather than constantly tiptoe around ancient prejudices. It is partly this new self-confidence that has prompted the current battle over which lighter plane Canada should buy—the McDonnell Douglas F-18 favored by the military, or

Chretien, Libman and Laprade (left); Meloche (below) —sense of importance



Meloche

lawyers of the Andre Boisvert variety or entrepreneurial jokers. "When I first came to Ottawa," recalls one cabinet minister, "I remember asking the minister to see him to come to be a Liberal, and he said, 'Why? I was just Liberal'—chauffeur." By contrast, the same breed is still educated and often well-read, although a steady majority in Ottawa last year, when back-benchers were on an equal footing with cabinet ministers, they are reluctant to risk

back into oblivion. One of them is Pierre Desnoes, bearded, blue-eyed and bilingual, a Quebec City MP first elected in 1977. After Trudeau returned last fall, Desnoes and others involved in the formation of a nationalist alliance by 20 Quebec back-benchers who were tired of being treated in the media "like nonentities" to be delivered to their candidate or that, by Marc Lalonde.

For Desnoes, Pierre Demeier, Lapierre and several other pressing

There's 'no' business like 'yes' business



At the same time, a great deal of political and provincial life with its boldness on display across the country, under the dark silhouette of an old stone building Old Montreal's Premier René Lévesque was still grand. The Ontario Liberal party he founded had come to put Claude Ryan's waning provincial Liberal role as "leadership." He led him to the crowded McWatters coffee shop in Lachine, a cozy neighborhood corner store of provincial Quebecers; the two were introduced to lead the year campaign leading up to the vote in all 194 well-known Quebecers were recruited as adjunct members of the Progressive national pour la Côte, the committee that under Quebec's referendum law replaces the Parti Québécois as the official standard-bearer of the yes option. Given the referendum vote is issued—when could be as soon as next week for a vote May 20 at



Lacoste and Gilles Vigneault: carefully composing the Quebec family portrait

2% only the official yes and no ballots casters consulted had been permitted to spend money campaigning.

Both are working to stoke party differences and Ryan was to announce this week his own set of non-Liberal priorities. In contrast, the yes' partisans who include predictably celebrated singers like

Lacoste and Gilles Vigneault: carefully composing the Quebec family portrait

and seven former federal Social Crediters, the yes' committee's roster looks like a scintillating cross-section of Quebec society. There is a clutch of delegates, a repressive take charge of ethnic group leaders, immigrant employers, including United Auto Workers President Robert Cross and the female mayor of St-Zacharie, Manitoba Frederic, whose other notable accomplishment was instituting a historically most lenient of 11 children.

the General Dynamics F-18, which promises greater industrial benefits to Quebec. But, ironically, restored unity has become central to the allegedly economic debate since Montreal-area MPs are chafing that if the federal cabinet doesn't choose the F-18, Ottawa will lose the referendum.

Apart from the F-18, the federal Liberals have one other piece of heavy artillery: Pierre Trudeau. He emerged from his lunches with Brian on Good Friday in a celebrative mood, a green wool Napoleon cloak draped over his shoulders. But there wasn't much substance beneath the bravado on the battlefield. Trudeau said he will make a speech in the Commons as the referendum, and he will speak in Quebec if invited. The relatively low profile could mean use of two things: Trudeau is used to young bloods in Ottawa and Quebec City who are warlike against a heavy federal hand, the referendum, or he may want to risk his personal credibility in a hungover state.

In the end, if he does not, if the federal battle will be fought, as usual, by the salaried people such as Jean-Claude Mailhot, a partly unilingual former Quebec policeman from working-class East Montreal who recently laid a ranting as his riding: "Why leave your

child one house when you can leave him 10?" But even someone emanated by his great optimism and apparent sense of overwhelming challenge, how to convince people to say "no" in such an innocent question. ☐

Washing out the doomsday wave

A group of American congressmen

sat in a committee room in Washington last week and listened to the arresting saga of the Great White Wave that might flood Canada. It could cause flooding 300 feet high, of the Great Lakes and over Ontario. And it could come, 100, out of the Atlantic and over the Maritimes and up from the Pacific and into British Columbia. It would strike at the weakest day in Canada's history, during a month to match the Great War and Hurricane Hazel.

News of the Great Wave came from many, less than William J. Perry, the United States defense undersecretary for research, and from Seymour E. Zellberg, the deputy undersecretary for defense for strategic systems. The two scientists were giving evidence before the House appropriations military com-

mittee subcommittee, which is investigating possible alternatives to arming the U.S. with a new land-based intercontinental nuclear missile system. Such a system is planned for Nevada and Utah but local residents are against it—not only because it would render their states prime target areas in a nuclear war, but also because of the enormous ecological impact it would have on vast stretches of land.

The most popular alternative to the land-based system is to put the missiles aboard fleet of sea-submarines which would patrol at all times along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and in the Great Lakes. Scientists argue that the submarines would be so "bulky" of such long stretches of water that it would be impossible for an enemy to know exactly where they were. Thus an enemy, presented to be the Soviets, could never hope to knock them out in a surprise attack, and massive retaliation would be automatic.

One of the plans was created once from Sidney Drell, a leading nuclear scientist at Stanford in California. His plan calls for about 100 small subsurface, each carrying two missiles. The great bulk of them would be put into the oceans off the East and West coasts, but 10 to 15 would go into the Great Lakes, says Dr. Drell. The Great Lakes would be a valuable and stable deployment area for a portion of the force. The tallish, deep waters that are U.S. territory cover some 28,000-square nautical miles and would require more than several hundred Soviet missiles to harass such a deployment would, however, require some negotiation with Canada.

Perry's and Zellberg's testimony, however, put a different slant on the scheme. To convince the submariners that it had to provide funds for a land-based system, they revealed part of a formerly secret study made by the defense department. Perry explained that from 1968 to 1972, the administration along the coasts and in the lakes, the Soviets could penetrate a giant tidal wave by exploding a nuclear warhead in the water. The explosion would cause the massive wave to race across the top of the seas and lakes while at the same time another great wave would travel under the surface, building tremendous destructive forces. "It would simply tear over a submarine and destroy it," Perry and Zellberg said that, using the type of nuclear warheads the Soviets already have, they could produce a 200-foot high wave. It would, of course, hit the Canadian coast with the same ferocity as it would strike the American.

What could hardly be mistakes for anything but the last word came from chairman of the House Gunn McKay. The subcommittee, he declared, "seem to be a washout."

William Lester



Venerable old-timers—not exactly rookies?

and seven former federal Social Crediters, the yes' committee's roster looks like a scintillating cross-section of Quebec society. There is a clutch of delegates, a repressive take charge of ethnic group leaders, immigrant employers, including United Auto Workers President Robert Cross and the female mayor of St-Zacharie, Manitoba Frederic, whose other notable accomplishment was instituting a historically most lenient of 11 children.

Liberalists proudly characterize the yes' committee as "avant-garde"

David Thomas

British Columbia

A brain man's tunnel vision

In vast working areas last weekend thousands of BC highway motorists fanned. They sat with tall pipes racing up to three hours waiting for TFL's red ink ferry ferries to move their 20 miles across the Georgia Strait to Vancouver Island. Not unexpectedly, last week was chosen by BC Universities, Science and Communications Minister Pat McGeer to profile an asbestos vi-

gas pipeline and 3800-million electric cable could be incorporated in the link." Unlike 15 years ago, the technology for all the methods now exists, thanks largely to ground broken by off-shore drilling platforms and a 30-mile deep-sea tunnel which is nearing completion between the islands of Hainan and Hukaido. McGeer also hopes to cash in on federal money by arguing that the link would finally complete the Trans-Canada Highway, and he reminded Ottawa of a daily remembered federal pledge to complete the CPR to Victoria if BC would join Confederation. "We'd just be ending in a 200-year-old 100," quipped McGeer. Perhaps most compelling for an asbestos-prone government increasingly fond of high-profile pop policies, it is bold and timely the sort of straightforward and down-to-earth popularity of W.A.C. Bennett. Even the old apparatchik is prepared to go along with the feasibility study, and last last week's Believe pleased the support of half the cabinet.

Colder British acknowledgement the scheme's necessity, but still if so attention-grabbing say, more at home in the British 1960s than the belt-snatching '80s. They point to the navigation problems implied by a floating bridge and the psychological trauma of driving through 25 miles of jagged mountains. The ocean-floor cables would require truck-shaped cars and are presumably ruled out. Some sympathetic Vancouver Islanders are not seduced. Although he says he wants more transit, J.D. Wama, mayor of the affluent Victoria suburb of Oak Bay, replies: "Many people here just don't want to become a part of Vancouver." But if the concept appears merely West Coast excess the ledger book remains daunting. Barron Davis, former Social Credit cabinet minister who explored the idea in 1974-75, estimates it would cost \$10 billion just to get people and energy across the strait. "It's a 30-year solution," he says. "A float crossing would provide a 30-year solution."

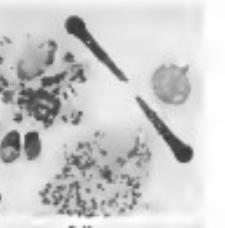
Thomas Hopkins

"*Vancouver Island needs to have a sensible transportation infrastructure that can compete with the rest of Canada.*"

Ontario

The asbestos hits the fan

Slong-suffering teachers at Toronto's Harbord Collegiate hunkered down from their monographed menus and morning cups of coffee to see a knot of men at the staff-room door. Ed Rumba, MPP, and a few Toronto Board of



BMOB asbestos (above), Zenith of the BMOB (right), deadly fibres on a long sailor (top). We got the body count

Education workers were distributing leaflets. The warning asbestos fibers is the mid-morning colleague were up to 20 times above the acceptable environmental level of 66 fibers per cubic centimetre. Zenith's leaflets urged workers, teachers and students to "Please take an 'Asbestos just say no' campaign because asbestos is known to cause cancer. When the teachers rapped at principal Ralph Peters' office door insisting that they shared Zenith's concern, Peters telephoned the board. By 9:45, Monday, March 21, the principal was announcing a 24-hour closing of the school over the PA. Twenty-three minutes later Harbord's 1,100 students had left. The school was subsequently closed for a week so that workers could safely coat the school ventilation system's asbestos with tape — sealing the paper, greyish-white fire-resistant tape and foil wrappings and preventing further flaking and diffusion of the deadly fibers into the classrooms.

The Toronto press assumed shock awareness of asbestos' dangers had spread only slowly. Like heavy dust it is wind-blown. In May, 1978, a federal-provincial report warned of "serious

health hazards" for the more than 20,000 asbestos miners, manufacturers and shippers of Canada's 870-offices asbestos industry, and warned workers in the insulation, construction and automobile trades. The same developing International standards to which they could still be risked included health assessments and declassification of asbestos as a cause when related fibres near the lungs and impede transfer of oxygen to the blood stream. Asbestosis, a rare, irreparable cancer of the lung lung linked only to asbestos, and lung cancer, 20 times more likely in strike asbestos workers who smoke than nonsmokers. Predictably, the scare-jaded general public appeared unconcerned.

Rescue asbestos is so useful—for example, Ontario health standards committee air-samples to retard fires—its day may be rising down as ever. It can be released from brake linings, shrubbing acoustic tile, old-model hair dryers, aged fire curtains in movie theatres. It coats pipes hidden above suspended ceilings of most post-war buildings, and it's in the Toronto subways, and it's everywhere. Says Gerry Caples, director of the city's Public Health Advocacy Unit (his employer—the City of Toronto)—is finding a million-dollar-plus repair bill to control fibrous asbestos in a community centre and at city hall. "Either we'll spend millions on the cleanup or we'll wait for an unpredictable number of deaths." He says that expenses taken from 18 to 30 years to turn up as cancer and "We're saving day."

According to the U.S.A.'s National Cancer Institute, 18 per cent of all future cancer deaths—the deaths of more than two million people in the next 30 years—will be attributable to the stuff. It will be 20 years before responsibility for the disease is clear. The agency's figures put asbestos in Ontario's public schools and colleges alone could rise to \$10 million, estimating a ministry of education official, and local boards aren't sure how much of that they'll have to raise themselves. As for separate Catholic schools, "They're on their own,"

said the previous year from asbestos-related lung disease. Then John-Matthews Canada Inc. adopted 43 deaths since 1968 among workers who manufactured asbestos-free building materials in a Toronto plant. Since 1974 Ontario's Workmen's Compensation Board has processed 27 claims for asbestos-related deaths from asbestos, mesothelioma, bronchitis, stomach and lung cancers.

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says a senior ministry official. So, it seems, are people who work and live in privately owned buildings with vent and tile problems, tests and inspections will undoubtedly be left up to them or their landlords. The problem may be too vast for the public to care. Most of the concerned phone calls received by the Toronto Board of Education have come from the media. A radio event? But like a tiny fire in the long, the question of asbestos' potential danger will go away.

Vul Ross

Gnashing at 'The National'

T hree years ago, when he was still head of English-language news and current affairs for CBC television, Knowlton Nash got a letter from the staff of *The National* protesting the way sports programs were frequently pre-empting the news. He acted as it. But now, as anchorman for the network's nightly news show, Nash is on the other side of the fence—a protestor against CNP policy. Last week Nash and 120 other members of *The National* team put their signatures to a petition urging CNP brass to rethink their intention of shortening the news to 20 from 25 minutes per night. The signatures claim the cutback of a total of 16 minutes for *The National* would have terrible consequences. "Some of the longer, more thoughtful reports could be cut," Nash says. "People might never see from Ottawa's newsmen what stories might be crowded out."

There can doubtless be very extensive of some of our domestic bureaus, such

Nash is quoted in *The Globe and Mail*.



as St. John's, Halifax and Regina." Its critics appear to be correct in saying the service would also affect the amount of current affairs programming now being seen.

The ranks, and the first got notice March 27 when Mike Duganault, general manager of Nash's old executive job interview show, *Meet the Toronto*, was let go unceremoniously. To nobody's surprise he revealed that as of January, 1985, *The National* would be exceed by an hour or 15 per weeknight, a program long in the works. Under close questioning in what one insider calls "a limestone 70- or 80-minute session," Duganault added that the new, proposed *National* would feature part of a eighty-hour-long show, an unusual mix of news and current affairs. News would get the short end of the stick.

For a long study, the CBC found that taking an hour out of regular journalistic programming could cost it as much as \$1 million of its \$88-million annual sales revenue, more than the corporation will sell current results during its major news and current-affairs programs. What it wasn't prepared for was the sudden volatility of the news-gathering plates and their opposite numbers in the news department. However, one current-affairs producer insists, "This isn't a conflict between the news department and the current-affairs department—that's an old chestnut. All you need, rather, are the pride and integrity of the guys who do *The National* and consider themselves the custodians of national TV journalism." But something else is mounting the people in current affairs.

Regardless of the future of the news, the *National* is a must. But in order to handle the extremely new 40 minutes of other material necessary to fill the whole hour, the corporation will find it necessary to pull several existing current-affairs shows. In mid-week it was announced that *Onward* may well die—soon followed by death notices for *Newsmagazine* and *The Watson Report*, all being considered to feed the budget of the new hybrid. At week's end insiders reported that the GDA wants the current-affairs flagship, and the award-winning *Mavis*. She would survive the slasher.

All told, it's about the harshest internal move since Mac's decision to take the job of *newscaster* in 1978, though its resolution is unclear. Duganault, one of the people to whom the petition was addressed, says he is "flexible." The other recipient, network chief Peter Herrndorf, is on holidays. But the consensus would indicate that the petition, which runs to 2,000 words and has the backing of almost the entire network news staff nationwide, is likely to result in some sort-of compromise.

Dana Ferbering

Montreal

A little Verdi but no diapers

It stayed Auguste Dionne's store last week, and that's a strong showing for LIP man Dionne's was a Montreal grocery store just outside its borders. The full window show was one of the best nights in town; you don't improve on Guap's audience rating on a bed of crushed ice, and the folks at Dionne's never tried. And the fruit was... St. Catharine and Thimens were a corner that seemed ready to eat



Dionne skipped maple syrup to Buckingham Palace and Oxo cubes to the Duke of Windsor in the Bahamas. Once, the president of U.S. Steel called from New York City in search of two bottles of Johnny Walker Gold Label scotch. "But, sir," he was told, "they aren't making Gold Label anymore." "Yes, I know," said the man in New York. "That's why I called Dionne's." They called him back the next day, would Mawson be picking up the two Gold Labels in Montreal?

Feld marmalades from France, cassis from Wales, seeds to chrysanthemums, Dionne's had it all. The storekeepers made its own mayonnaise and filled silver platters with party food for mansion owners on Mount Royal. Thirty-seven horse-drawn wagons supplied the finest tables in the city.

When he opened his store in 1878 Auguste Dionne's dried service would be his trade mark. Beaconsfield Market was the only place licensed to sell meat in those days but Auguste knew his customers were far too busy to make a special trip for their meat. So he bought it

for them and sold it to them illegally. Sure he paid fines, but his customers thought the service was splendid. When his sons Alexandre and Paul suggested he could open a second store, the founder relished on the grounds that service would suffice.

Jean-Pierre Dionne, 20, grandson of Alexandre, son of Alexandre, was one of the store's dimensions when selling costs forced its closing last week. "Dionne in 1878 we crossed the train with a big bag bought by a group headed for two miles of stores in the Laurentians. They thought their supplies were in the baggage car. But they were wrong. My

Gordon Devine is saying goodbye to mere diaper syrup for Buckingham Palace

Another time, Jean-Pierre had to save the day himself when a customer bought supplies for a weekend party but forgot all of the meat on the counter. "We didn't even know his name," recalls Jean-Pierre. Dionne today: "But we found out he worked for a paper company and had an office in the Sun Life building. When the train left, the man's name was Ryan and that he had a place name St. Adèle. Jean-Pierre loaded the meat and headed north. "They were all asleep when I got there but the back door hadn't been locked. I was very quiet. The meat was in his suitcase when he got up the next morning."

That, says Jean-Pierre Dionne, is the kind of service Dionne's was all about. But that, he will also say, is not the way it has been since 1980 when the main store and several branches were sold to Griffith, Weston and the Labatt chain. "Mr. Weston said 'Don't change a thing,'" says Dionne. "But it did change. It wasn't Dionne's anymore. The manager was a Labattwacamploose. I was just a decoration. The real bus was a sheet of paper—the list of products and prices—that arrived from head office. We have the same now—for 15 minutes every morning what the employees are on their break, we can't even answer the phones."

Oh, you could still buy snails in champagne and cookies from Wales, but it was not Jean-Pierre Dionne who invented the disposable diapers in the local, no-smile pan eating. "We lost our personality," he says. "The times had changed—and Auguste had had his stroke. He was gone, and our kind of service would be too expensive someday. I'd prefer to see us closer than to see those diapers."

The granddaddy Jean-Pierre took it out in style. He taped some of his favorite songs for his customers on the final day a dish of Huelde, some Verdi and lots of Brahms. The customers weren't very surprised: from Dionne's, they weren't expecting Donny and Marie.

James Quigley



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The reputations are as venerable as Hugh MacLennan's *Two Solitudes*, the 1945 novel that chronicled the country's psyche with its stereotypes of the stolid anglo-skeptics and the curly, patriotic French Canadians who live too much leisure and not enough greed to succeed in business. So ingrained was that mythology that it became a rite-of-passage of the Quebec nation when most of the French-Canadians and their families and state registration were the only means on hand to wrench the provincial economy free of English-speaking domination. And, as if to prove the point, English-speaking francophones justified participation of Montreal's anglophone old-boy network by citing the francophones' presumed aversion to the Protestant work ethic.

Lamented a study published that year by the C.D. Howe Research Institute in Montreal: "There is a timeless myth to the effect that, because of specific cultural values, French Canadians are less 'gifted' for a management career or for an entrepreneurial role than are Anglophone Canadians or Americans. This myth has taken root as much among francophones as among anglophones, and provides an easy and often hypocritical explanation for low francophone representation in business and top management." The presumed inability of French-speaking Quebecers to compete as equals was an essential pillar of the nationalist banner—until recently.

Almost unnoticed in the din of language arguments and power plays among the politicians, big business has become an object of infatuation among Quebecers. The energy and effervescence that have for years impinged Quebec music, art and film have now been appropriated by a new set of idols: affluent business leaders who are giving francophones their own formidable multinationals and, more importantly, are creating a strong new class of power wielders. Until recently, powerful financiers such as Jean-Louis Lépine, Power Corporation's Paul Desmarais and National Bank of Canada President Michel Bellanger were treated as offshoots, allies among the affluent anglophones of the business' new called St. James Street. Now that the thought-leaders of Montreal's financial district is known to all as an élite

Quebec means business

A new-boy network of entrepreneurs is shattering the old myths

By David Thorpe



Howie: "All that matters is our money and our competence."

Jacques, and the dealers behind all those boudoirs are increasingly within a French-speaking new-boy network of young entrepreneurs and executives, a network that is self-starting and ready to embrace succeeding generations of Quebecers. rid of their old anti-business bias.

Ispida Montreal's madam Renée des Matins Études Commerciales—with its voluminous management library second only to Harvard's—classrooms didn't cope with the craving for commerce degrees. Classes overflow into corners and stairwells, and, even at that, the respected University de Montréal still had to refuse three-quarters of the 20,000 applicants it received last year from aspiring first-year students.

As well as the 1,700 day students, 6,000 part-time business students keep the class rooms full until midnight.

The lure of business for the young French-speaking Quebecer reflects not only profound changes within his society but also the presence of a new class of models and mentors who are proving that francophone business leaders can succeed and often do better, the old sage establishment notwithstanding. One of those older players may be the old oilman himself, Alain Howie, whose company, Ispida, has created a network which francophones are rapidly filling in the analysis of Finance Minister Jean-Jacques Parizeau, the most pro-business of the Parti Québécois ministers. "In the wake of these changes, a new wave of businessmen is building, most of them French-speaking, ambitious as they may be in this milieu, wanting to take over everything immediately, and who are largely responsible for the remarkable performances of the Quebec economy over the past two years." Unsurprisingly in his support for his party's federal election victory with English Canadien, Parizeau hopes that entrepreneurial dynamism will continue, as Quebecers they have nothing to fear in pour it share. And because a businessman is by definition a generator of jobs, he believes nearly a third of Quebec's small-business owners surveyed by the Canadian Federation of Independent Business say they intend to vote "yes" [ie., with the Parti Québécois] in the spring referendum. But recessionist sentiment dominates in the higher strata of businesspeople who are unwilling to limit themselves to Quebec. Ultimately, their success could do more to tighten the web of Canadian nationalism than any politician's tinkering with the constitution. Says Federal Transport Minister Jean-Louis Péladeau, a longtime booster of Quebec business: "English Canada thinks that if it can accommodate Quebec in terms of language and culture the problem will fade away. But the real root of the issue is economic power."

With this burgeoning class of Quebec business leaders achieving its fair share of Canadian economic clout, Alfred Howie has reason to wonder: Howel



Quebec's own it's called Ispida Inc. St-Jacques

who quit school at 16 to drive a truck and then build a family fleet of 1,200 vehicles called Rapides, has spent months of frustration in his bid to create a new regional airline for Central Canada. Ontario's objection to a Quebec-controlled carrier becoming its principal air service after Air Canada's withdrawal in support of Blaize's amendment

plan—a planless enterprise with a natural appeal for the 36-year-old transportation boss whose residual trucker's love of flesh is betrayed in his oversized gold belt buckle, chunky rings, alligator shoes and a new 30-foot cabin cruiser named in Plains. Howie already controls Quebecair and the winning link to Nordair, a bigger Montreal-based carrier with 17 aircraft and twice as many passengers. On October 1, he takes the Eastern Arctic Nordair to Air Canada who has promised to defense Ispida to private enterprise once a suitable buyer is found. The Blaize consortium is clearly the most eligible of the six serious bidders, both because of its wealth and because it is the only prospective buyer possessing a nationwide network of regional air services. But federal governments—both Liberal and Conservative—have refused to authorize the deal. The reason is simple: allowing Howie's group to take control of English-speaking Nordair and its extensive routes in Ontario would arouse the ire of Ontario's provincial government

and risk provoking a new language war in the skies. Federal government hesitancy in handing over Nordair to Howie's group tends to confirm Quebecers' worst suspicion that the rest of the country is determined to keep them confined and subordinate. Warns Howie: "The government can possibly refuse to sell Nordair to the group I represent. It makes sense in every way and would be badly viewed, especially by us Quebecers. If it happens, we'll be angry."

That's of growing importance just weeks before Quebec's referendum and, finally, federal authorities are acting. Transport Minister Péladeau, Marois's has learned, is ranking to announce before the vote—that Howie's consortium will be allowed to merge Nordair, Quebecair and Ontario's Great Lakes Airlines. The federal government realizes it is running the risk of antagonizing Ontario but says Péladeau, "the whole of my life is dedicated to the proportion that what is good for Quebec is necessarily bad for the rest of Canada." And accommodating the ambitions of

Doorway to the outside world

Q

uarterly antiquated door and window industry may not seem like a strong candidate for the flattening globalization. There were no less than 375 small family-run factories dotting throughout the province and a single one-of-a-kind mom-and-pop shop enough to meet a thousandth division of their market by top U.S. and Ontario manufacturers. But now, following the vigor of Quebec's new business ambivalence, there has emerged one leader in the industry, a company in the mix image of its owner, 37-year-old Yves Langlois.

In 1974 Langlois was a whiz-kid in the provincial government. Then just 31 he was then premier Robert Bourassa's chief executive assistant and the holder of ministerial designate appointments in Codes du Québec Studies Commercials and the Harvard business school where he had been a top French-speaking president of the Canadian Club. Then buried by political Langlois decided to move in his wheelhouse sort of small business, a picture-frame factory at Montebello, a picture-frame factory at Montebello, which has been his modus operandi ever since. His methods: buying the industry, breaking it in pieces, buying existing companies and suggesting a regrouping. A lot of them were old and wanted to sell off. "The aging patriarchs



Langlois: next, expand outside Quebec

who ruled the fragmented industry had always kept their little companies under tight rein and total control—from direct supervision of the shop floor to the chosen-perf. kitchen-tables, seating of the shareholders—rather than expand by passing administrative powers to a cadre of managers hired outside the family. So, with just \$300 of his own money, Langlois convinced his relatives to finance him and co-opted Pierre Péladeau-Doucet of the Eastern Townships firm of Lac-Mégantic. The objective was the application of modern management techniques to the industry that by 1977 he had amassed nine firms and housed them under the name

Unit Industries Ltd. Sales exploded from \$600,000 in 1974 to \$32 million last year and the owners were pushed back to defend their own territory a quarter of a century ago in another Canadian province, the U.S. and Europe. One company shareholder remains faithful to tradition: French Langlois is its only shareholder.

Now Langlois wants to begin producing beyond Quebec and though his Quebec customers are close to his service, he is convinced such expansion of transportation and access to English-speaking countries is the key to future growth. "The best way to ensure our economic development is perhaps not by becoming independent," he says. "French Canadians no longer need to find their horizons in Quebec."

Quebec businessmen is, according to the man in the big university of both French-speaking minorities, little difficulty in integrating French-speaking Quebecers with English, where English dominates, even the politicians have got on with it. "I've never suffered any sort of complex or difficulty in my relations with English Canadians. They admire our efforts and, with bennies, the only things that matter are our money and our competence."

This absence of linguistic frustration is one of the distinguishing characteristics of young Quebec businessmen and the students who crowd the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales. The

hostile toward the anglophones."

Louren worries that, instead of welcoming them, too many firms are moving their head offices to Toronto out of Quebec's economic reach. The usual pattern of leaving behind a Quebec regional office visited by francophones is not good enough. "It's a shame that just when we are becoming competent in business that many companies are cutting themselves off from us. If the anglophone business world perceives us as a threat and leaves us nothing but branch offices, we will have missed the chance to create a real economy. Anglophones have so much interest as francophones in seeing that these newcomers succeed."

The injection of French-speaking managers into a firm that has always functioned in English undoubtedly causes unease among its longtime employees. But the transition from En-

Street office manager to the company's worldwide marketing network. Though French has become the working language in most Consolidated-Bathurst and English remains dominant in local offices, even with Dufresne himself. Eighty-five per cent of Canadian Bathurst managers are francophone. Quebec and Dufresne, like other francophone business leaders, has adapted what he calls "the European attitude to language... they are assets, not barriers."

Such attitudes, dictated by market reality, can cause various reversals in the trend to increasing predominance of French in Montreal offices. A century-old mortgage and trust company called Credit Foncier distinguished itself for generations as the only national firm of its kind to be managed primarily in French from Montreal. Now, as Credit Foncier expands its Canadian branch system—already 80 per cent of its business is outside Quebec and 12 new branches are planned for other provinces—it must make a bigger place for anglophones at head office. Explains Credit Foncier's 36-year-old President Robert Graton, "When you become bigger, you have to attract people from your branch system. And by having a French-only head office, we were excluding ourselves from our major source of talent."

Graton is perhaps the archetype of his generation of business leaders: a graduate of the London School of Economics and the Harvard Business School's mitz program, he brings political sophistication to high finance. After dabbling in active politics as assistant to a provincial education minister, Paul Gérin-Lajoie, in the 1960s, Graton completed his studies and joined Credit Foncier in 1971 as assistant to the general manager—"a typical Harvard Business School type of job." His rapid rise was less typical, culminating last December in appointment as president and chief executive officer of a firm with almost \$2 billion in assets. Part of the explanation for the dizzying ascension of such young managers is the intensity of the racism at the top of Quebec business. "The company had been expanding so rapidly in the past six years that it had to go out and recruit. The net result is that the average age of the management group is quite low."

Graton expects the prospects for French-speaking business graduates will remain abundant, but because of the need to replace English-speaking managers who are either leaving Montreal or refusing transfers to that city. Despite the increased opportunities that the so-called exodus of English-speaking manage-



school's chairman is Pierre Lauria, 46, younger brother of Cultural Development Minister Claude Lauria, who views Quebec the rigid language legislation that caused over thousands of anglophones and their money. Many French-speaking business leaders consider that the language law is behind the times, that it is a drastic remedy for an ailment that exists largely in the bitter memories of men of Premier René Lévesque's generation. Today, students, researchers and managers of the "definite assimilation" of Quebec's past "Our young people are living in cultural security, they are sure of their selves." The generation of 30-year-olds is the first without the slightest feeling of inferiority and, as a consequence, they are neither submissive nor

glisch-speaking to bilingual management is smoothed by the understanding of francophone businesses that English is an essential entry to world markets. When Deumarais Power Corporation engineers asked up Consolidated Paper Ltd. and Bathurst Paper Ltd. in 1967, English was the language of the two firm offices and plants. It was then that a young manager named Guy Dufresne, with his French Harvard ties, came to make his mark for himself in a management team called Consolidated-Bathurst Ltd., whose 20,000 employees are concentrated in Quebec. The company's only French-speaking senior executive in the 1960s was Maurice Stael, the former minister of forestry. Now, at 38, Dufresne is the vice-president and, with his Dufresne

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ment means for French-speaking Quebecers, Gratton worries that ultimately Montreal will become a hub of English-language culture.

French plants, economically and culturally ignored. "We have been gradually withdrawn from their market," he says. "I am afraid to say that we have been completely withdrawn from their market, but that's what used to have been their policy. They have created Quebec divisions which are more diversified from head office. I hope that these Quebec divisions which operate in French don't measure a sort of separate existence."

fasting world in which young Quebecers think they will never have to learn English. In recent years, people coming out of universities are less bilingual than 20 years ago. We have difficulty hiring young French speaking Canadians who are really bilingual and lately we've found more English-speaking Montrealers who are truly able to work in both languages." Ironically, the increasing Frenchness of Montreal, while it expands job opportunities for francophones, makes it harder for them to acquire the language of North American business: "The city is so much more French that it's easier and more difficult to become bilingual." But, with a full 80 per cent of its business done outside Quebec, Credit Foncier sees itself as "international." Reasonably, the bank's French name has not been a great handicap to expansion in English-speaking world in which young Quebecers think they will never have to learn English. In recent years, people coming out of universities are less bilingual than 20 years ago. We have difficulty hiring young French speaking Canadians who are really bilingual and lately we've found more English-speaking Montrealers who are truly able to work in both languages." Ironically, the increasing Frenchness of Montreal, while it expands job opportunities for francophones, makes it harder for them to acquire the language of North American business: "The city is so much more French that it's easier and more difficult to become bilingual." But, with a full 80 per cent of its business done outside Quebec, Credit Foncier sees itself as "international."

city are its major market within Quebec, but 60 per cent of total sales are in Ontario, Alberta, Maryland and California. These markets were acquired in one climbing spurt three years ago when

Freight took over Ontario's supplier M. Leach Ltd. of Ottawa, a competitor twice the Quebec firm's size. That transaction also gave Freight ownership of Alberta's Home and Prifield Foods Ltd and Market Wholesale Grocery Co of California.

Father of the Pronto extended family is 60-year-old Arthur Turner, a Jeffersonian Harvard Alger who got started at 16 to work in a grocery warehouse, went bankrupt with his first attempt at free enterprise, a toy factory, and then went back to the food business, managing and buying his way to capitalism between. But Turner, chairman of Pronto's board of directors, credits his young management group with the company's surge in less than a decade from parlor to village variety store to multinational giant. Therefrom thenceforward, Pierre Léonard, who joined Turner after returning from Harvard, class of '57, took all of his responsibilities. Léonard grew up in a Quebec city financed from private enterprise. Business was reserved for English Canadians. And as our sage was there was a



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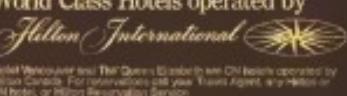


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aking management. "It wasn't a
friendly take-over. There was a lot of
resentment in the company we acquired
and we were very apprehensive about
how their management would react
to our move by a French-Canadian
company. But, in the end, language didn't
seem to matter. They judged us on our
experience."

It seems true that it is in business that French-speaking Quebecers are exhibiting the most daring and creativity. Through it may well come too late to have an important influence on the referendums, inevitably the automation mythology will appear increasingly submitted. Léonard's assessment: "One of the causes of the resistance is the feeling that French-speaking opportunities are limited to Quebec." Surmised by French-speaking entrepreneurs in the big Canadian market will assist that old perception.

There's irony, too, in the fact that it's the politicians or the bleeding hearts of national unity who are finally cracking the myth and the reality of the two solitudes. It is profit-driven businesses who are doing the most to renew links between English and French Canada and who are giving new generations of French-speaking Quebecers a personal stake in the country's cohesion. ☐

A prayer from Allah's army

While the world argues about Olympic boycotts, the plight of Afghanistan's Muslim guerrillas is growing worse. In sharp contrast to Soviet allegations, it seems that little and of any kind, certainly not enough to make them anything like a match for Soviet helicopter gun ships, tanks and artillery in fire-power, is reaching the guerrillas. That impression is confirmed by this exclusive interview by Maclean's special correspondent David Alper, in Peshawar last week with the man identified as "Prof. Sayaf," who now presides over most of the Muslim organizations operating in Afghanistan.



prison officials to have been executed with the others. His name was even published by Taraki's successor, Hafizullah Amin, as one of those wrongly killed by Taraki. Meanwhile other prisoners guarded Sayaf's true identity.

Then, in a general amnesty given to nonpolitical prisoners by the country's current president, Babrak Karmal, after the Soviet invasion, Sayaf was released. The authorities subsequently realized their mistake, said Sayaf, but he managed to put clear by posting as a truck driver on the way to Peshawar.

When he speaks of possible foreign



Afghan rebels gather around a radio (left) and a map (right), weapons laid out from rebels by Soviet troops, reluctant to fire on help

assistance, Sayaf is insistent that none—economic or military—has been given so far. Nor are his people “agents of Soviets.” “We are living with our bare feet, with empty stomachs,” says Sayaf. “I tell you, thousands of our people would not have sacrificed themselves if it were for the benefit of foreigners.”

This is contrary to some reports in the Western press as well as the official Soviet line but the resistance leader's details are endorsed by the heads of all the individual guerrilla organizations. And Foreign journalists who have visited recently have failed to find significant evidence of armed supporters. In fact, the only sign of assistance seen by this reporter was when a Pakistani military patrol along the border allowed some Mezahab (Shiite) guerrillas to pass through their checkpoint in Kandahar. But in a heterogeneous camp, he was transferred to a section of the Kader group housing communists rather than political detainees. He was subsequently summoned by

Babur, a graduate of Kabul University with a master's degree in Islamic law from Cairo's Al-Azhar University, one of Islam's most ancient, prestigious

foundations, was elected two weeks ago to lead the alliance, made up of five of the six major Afghan guerrilla organizations. A man apparently respected by all rebel groups, Sayaf managed what appears to be a spectacular escape two months ago from six years of imprisonment in Kabul.

He and his other men were cleared for execution while in prison in early May, 1979, when Nur Muhammad Taraki was still heading the pro-Soviet regime in Kabul. But in a heterogeneous camp, he was transferred to a section of the Kader group housing communists rather than political detainees. He was subsequently summoned by

the one-month-old Soviet offensive has snarled up to the

banks of the Kandar River in an all-out drive to wipe out beleaguered Afghan resistance forces. In Kandahar province—where this reporter travelled with the forces of Younis Khalis' wing of the Seh Shin (steel) rebels—Soviet helicopters and tanks already control the area. By contrast, Khalis' hard-core bands of Mezahab control much of the province, launching attacks on Soviet positions even up to the outskirts of Kandahar.

But further to the north in Khorasan province, Moscow's ground forces have made steady advances, capturing the town of Asmar and around Kona in Kangancheh, where Soviet troops have suffered heavy casualties in two unsuccessful attempts to capture the city. The rear of artillery and air attacks is continuing.

In fact, the guerrillas are at all times in a state of defense against Sayaf's “flying tanks”—helicopters, armored Mi-24 MiG-25 aircraft and tanks. “They never sleep,” said one guerrilla. “They fly over us—no one can see the Russians laughing. They are so close—and kill many people. Our planes cannot bring the helicopters down but if we had missiles, we could beat them.”

There is no doubt that the Afghan people are facing their greatest crisis since the armies of Genghis Khan swept through the country nearly 700 years ago. But in the midst of the carnage, Afghans are searching deep into their national soul in an effort to keep up with the means to turn the tide in their

favor. What if the U.S. or another Western power should offer to send the sophisticated units so badly needed by the Afghan “ freedom fighters.” “In a day and night themselves, they will be here and take our country officially,” says Sayaf, back in Peshawar. “But I think we should consider such not only if those are so courage attacked.”

Sayaf insists that he is not a government in exile. But he urges the world to recognize his organization as the legitimate representative of the Afghan people—a logical step, he asserts, after the refusal of nearly all nations to establish relations with the Kabul regime of Babrak Karmal. “We want to go to the UN,” Sayaf concluded. “To give our voice to the people of the world and to urge united states by all countries against aggression.” □

Iran

Signals that went up in smoke

The issue remained simple. 53 Americans held hostage in Iran for more than five months. But after a week of conflicting reports and verbal banting between Tehran and Washington, the 53 were no closer to coming home to Bunker than they were for Christmas.

The latest chapter in the grim continuing impasse was drawn from an earlier “optimistic” period. That was the period in the fear of another landslide, both in the government and the public. But it was also part of the Iranian demands that the United States refrain from threats or criticism if progress were to be made.

The week began, however, with dramatically adverse news from Washington that President Jimmy Carter had written a conciliatory message to Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, admiring US qualities. It turned out the letter was probably written by an Argentine lawyer who had acted as an intermediary for the US government in the past and who acted on his own, officials said, trying to come up with a solution.

Despite the false start, the letter got the ball rolling. The Swiss embassy in Tehran confirmed that it had transmitted messages to Iranian President Ayatollahs Muammar Sadr. And though the White House emphasized those had set a deadline for new sanctions unless the Iranians took control of the hostages out of the hands of their present captors, on Monday the US had backed down because of the hopeful response. The Revolutionary Council was meeting for



Hostages being interviewed (top left) with Beirut in Pigeon (bottom) and (right) Herb Kohl center with Ahmed Khomeini (second from left) in the White House come into

long hours and Bera-Sadr promised to state conditions for the transfer.

These came very early Tuesday. If America refrained from any propaganda or provocations, the council would take the hostages under its care and the Major (hostage-takers) could decide their fate. No one issued the conditions of that progress and the White House had been “clearly stated.”

Kohl, Carter told an ABC-TV audience, “No one in the

United States has been more instrumental in helping to bring about the victory of Senator Edward M. Kennedy in New York. By mid-week, with周恩来 in the box, the media joke in the White House press room became: “Relax, nothing will happen until April 21” (the day before the Pennsylvania primary).

That joke proved all too true. By

week's end, with Ayatollahs de-

manding the presence of the deposed Shah in Egypt, returning from his esca-

pe, the press conference could do

nothing but laugh.

Carter, Carter told an ABC-TV

government has apologized to anyone in the government of Iran." That brought a standing ovation from the crowd. "Amen, boy," said one. "But outside Washington, some analysts maintained that the apology was exactly what the president should do. Professor Roger Fisher, an international law specialist at Harvard University, said an apology was legally required for U.S. intervention in the overthrow of Mohammad Mosaddegh (the Iranian leader toppled with the help of the CIA in 1953). "It's not hardening to say you're sorry," recommended Fisher. "The U.S. has frequently apologized. If we apologize to Israel for what we did in the '67 war, why not to Iran?"

Fisher's view, shared by many of the 300 or so Iranian specialists in the U.S., is that the sense of urgency and pause exerted by the administration in the situation only works against progress. "Things just don't work that quickly there," he said. The problem with such advice, however, is that patience in a situation like this is a high-priced commodity, particularly when the families of the hostages are feeling the stress of five months of waiting. Said the wife of one: "If someone had said in November that it would go on this long, it would have been too much to handle."

Catherine Fox

The unhappy hookers

"In most places good prostitutes are few and far to find," said the magazine *Republiek* recently. Here they feature a whores' bar. The comment was an odd reflection of the largest in the world's largest妓女 following the municipal council's decision to allow prostitutes to ply their trade from houses there so that if I could remember correctly the traditional red-light district of Amsterdam as once as the day it was built.

In recent weeks the decision has helped the city's tolerance in a crisis like from conservative voices who claimed half were pimping from liberals who still the decision was a smugly allowed to continue and tax the skin trade, and from residents near the docks where the sex boats are to be moored. And last week the hookers themselves, whom the city somehow failed to consult, indicated in a local version of *Nieuw en Spieley* that the boats were get ready out. "Imagine the waves and the damp, not to mention the tides," said one.

However, the public outcry did not deter Rotterdam from working to reverse the first city in the Netherlands to attempt to control prostitution, though a city spoken women. Tessa de Jong, 26, said that "We had not bargained for such a strong reaction." The local idea, she said, had come up when an earlier move to rehouse Kater-

Moscow

The unsung heroes of human rights

A grey-haired retired geologist with a grown son a kindergarten teacher in her 80s a quiet Roman Catholic priest a 40-year dogged electro-chemist from Estonia—these names are relatively unknown. They have won no Nobel Prizes, received no letters of support from presidents or prime ministers, presented as stars of Western headlines. But one by one in recent weeks they have disappeared from the streets of Soviet cities, arrested by police in the second major crackdown against dissidents in the past four years. In last week it had settled 14 activist organizations since November. That brought the total number arrested, tried, interned, detained, deported, exiled or forced to emigrate since 1976 to almost 80.

More than anything, the latest round of arrests spotlights the continued inability of the White House to believe that the Kremlin creates its opponents. That point first became obvious in late 1976



Linda, sentenced to five years in prison

when candidate and later President Jimmy Carter met the first crackheads head-on. He freed off public statements and later a letter to 1975 Nobel Peace Prize winner Andrei Sakharov. He shook hands with exiled Vladimir Rukovskiy in the White House in 1977. Yet arrests continued—Anatoly Shchegolev, Yuri Orlov (who started the Helsinki human rights group in 1976) and Alexander Ginzburg among them.

After the signing of SALT II in Vienna last summer, the conventional wisdom was that the Soviets would really start living good days. Didn't they write the U.S. Senate to ready SALT III? Didn't they thank after the prestige of "Most

In Paris rape into the venture. But once plants from Rotterdam normally the most exotic of lots also joined in. Some weird love boats from the Balkans came along in the port's portly recesses. More or less, nothing to do with it. It was just tacky, need to keep it clean, to spare the sensibilities of passersby.

The city's role has been equivalent to

approaching the schism on aging as it was a

a seldom applied law against "slutting

prostitution" I and setting Dutch law

to France II. And there was no

shortage of inquiries from people wanting

Dutch妓女: houseboats with curtains



As for the city is argued that the problem of prostitution would not go away in itself. Rotterdam claimed the Staten-drecht red-light mostly had recently fallen into decline thanks to the opening of a cable and internet services and the inauguration of a new post office as well as many more. Most of the 25,000 ships putting into Rotterdam every year now use the new Europort where the houses is so low that sailors have no time for a dinghy. With brothels bars and tattoo shops opening every month Staten-drecht has only 300 or so妓女 left.

Indeed, the question of whether the homosexuals will ever make their annual voyage depends ultimately on the prostitutes themselves. "Clouds" (he's no point in having any health if they are going to be empty," conceded de Jong.

Peter Lewis

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Favored Nation" (WPN) tariff treatment from Washington.

The congressional wisdom turned out to be correct. Last November, veteran dissident Tatsuya Takahashi was arrested and the second crusade poised up stakes, especially after the Afghan invasion. Many victims were men and women who opposed the use of psychiatric punishment for political offenders, such as the Vietnamese electro-chemical Dr Jen Kuk.

The first actions to go on trial in

recent months, however, was retired geologist Masaaki Itochi. After a brief hearing on May 20 in the historical city of Nishio, he was found guilty of slandering the state and disgraced for two years of internal exile—his second term—definitely shooting the name of Sukkaku. The scientist himself is in exile in Gorky since January, is reportedly wandering after it mightn't be better to escape after all.

It post-Afghanistan, Western opinion has less leverage, the state is daunt-

less relieved to be able to push ahead with removing dissidents from Olympic status. As Nakayama noted in Brussels recently, "The geography of the arrests almost coincides with the geography of the [Olympic] Games."

But despite all the dissidence, autonomy remains defiant. Asked whether the West should continue to speak out on the dissidents' behalf, most of the remaining activists answer, "Yes—we need all the help we can get."

Keith Charles

U.S.A.

Tall in the saddle again



Reagan (left) and potential running mate Connally and Baker (right)

raise his total to 440 of 496 needed for the 1980 nomination. Current rival George Bush has a humble 72. Then California's favorite son comes home for a brief but well-earned rest.

It was Reagan at his fallofort back in the saddle at his 780-acre \$1.5-million Santa Barbara ranch, with its magnificent view of the oil rigs his administration helped deposit in the bay, at home to the press in his Pacific Palisades living room, where the press grows beneath the weight of signed celebrity pictures. Two old at 20 for the challenges of the White House? "You reporters are the only ones who worry about that now." The far right to be elected in a land where Democrats outnumber Republicans 6 to 1? "I'm convinced I'm in

tune with what the people want."

Certainly the star of King's "Now" (he, his legs, and wife up crying "Where's the rest of me?") and countless movies seems at least as lean and vigorous as his riding skills. This work is all over more on the primary trail—with Nancy, 56, in adapting attendance—with about assured victories in view in the Mountain states, in Texas, and, finally, in California, where he should sweep the Board. If anything, as he said last week, his message has become more conservative in the past since his two terms as California's governor. Reagan in 1976 had signed a liberal abortion law. Today he says abortion is only permissible to save a woman's life. In 1972 he came out strongly for the Equal Rights Amendment. Now he says that was a mistake.

Democrats have sound on Jerry Ford's fervent campaign urge to exploit Reagan's "warrior" reputation. Governor Reagan can't get us into a war. President Reagan could. But today, with Iraq and Afghanistan, the pheasants sit up as Americans are angry and Reagan's salve-taking advisers bring the loudest applause everywhere. In any case, Reagan, as a pragmatist than an ideologue—a conservative American loves the old pro's hairy leather bar gap. And it believes him back in tune with his hits.

His record suggests there is some truth in this. As a relatively moderate governor of California, tax-cutter Reagan sponsored the biggest tax increase in state history. He talked of "cancer" ("bloodbath") while doubling funding for the huge state college system. He argued against graduated income tax as "a creation of Karl Marx," yet kept it going through eight years in office.

There is little reason to suppose that President Reagan, reined in by a Democratic-dominated Congress, would behave differently, so he listened to judgment

The City of Sensible Shoes

Close to the size by nearly 34,000 strong, transit workers just went into the City of Sensible Shoes. With subway cars packed out, 100 drivers, 1000 losing over three million commuters crowded in into city's five boroughs. New routes were literally had to take a walk. For transit riders to travel as far as 40 miles to work and back, getting home on the subway was the only alternative proposed to fit. On the morning of April Fool's Day the world of cost plus a cost of measures could be seen trodding its way across Brooklyn Bridge—an embassy parkway east in the instant spring sun.

Determined citizens that they are, New Yorkers responded to the strike with remarkable discipline. Subway stations packed tight and tumultuous. Wall Street arrived by boat helicopter and executive service, which later had a go-go. Cabs worked overtime, parades paraded by copied this rate of crime known chronically. Over the holiday weekend, the cheery carnival atmosphere continued with what was left on the biggest and longest-lasting Easter parade the city has ever had.

On the surface, the strike, the city's first in 14 years, was mainly a matter of money.

The Transport Workers Union (TWU), led by a leathery Indiana John Lewis, went into negotiations in mid-May demanding a 20-per cent wage increase. The Metropolitan Transportation Authority, headed by a dourly dressed James J. F. Dunnigan, and Reagan began their bargaining with \$225 million deficit a situation of the city's impoverished state of financial health. As might be expected, the haggling and robes

these "simple solutions" that he imposes will not fit "complex problems." The answers, after all, are not as different from those offered by most a fat tax cut, a balanced budget, tight limits on government spending, whipping increases on defense.

At least in California, Reagan showed himself to be an able, resourceful administrator—one with batons firmly in his corset. In a survey last week by The Wall Street Journal of 80 top executives around the U.S., just three were found who warmly favored Carter over the California.

Nothing succeeds like success, and it may be that Reagan's royal progress has put to shame, one reason being that in recent years population trends in America have been steadily toward the West and the Sunbelt. That demographic shift favors a candidate who, as four western senators proclaimed after Reagan's initial triumphs, "is



New Yorkers on the Brooklyn Bridge (top) and on roller skates (below). (UPI)

a home. Reagan elected and decorated with this last sentence. Lewis organized the union a week ago, originally replicas of AFL-CIO Local 1146 had worked independently, too, a separate settlement. He will doubtless recoup the contract he lost, over the union. As for the Brooklyn Bridge, an up-and-coming leader, his first Brooklyn knot, A.B. appears that he has won an equally lucrative capacity for an agreement reached to the city, it's a pair of political career steppers.

Meanwhile, the city and its taxpayers are facing an estimated revenue of \$100 to \$200 million in debt. Mayor Edward Koch has stepped the union with a Taylor Law suit, such member of the union loses two days pay for each day off during the legal strike. Koch might as well be running in his gauntlet, the state Senate may have to stand by guarantee to pass legislation to rescue the MTA, so far as it has been released to do it. The Senate's 1979 deficit, \$200 billion, and New York's aging transit system will be removed.

Obviously, for many parties concerned, the strike is a boon. But when New York's residents are forced to pay more, it is the poor who are hit hardest. And how to move out of communism's grip? New Yorkers may well be feeling the toll for a mercantile.

Lawrence O'Toole

By William Scobie

Relaxing in his spacious ranch-style home overlooking the Pacific in Los Angeles after the double triumph of the Wasserman and Reagan primaries last week, Ronald Reagan was "happy as a clam." "I'm still singing the same old song," explained the 69-year-old Republican front-runner. "The difference is that America hears me now."

This is the secret of the Great Reagan Revival. The solid actor from California has found a new audience, an disgruntled, downcast Americans in their middle swing. His campaign chief, Ne-

ws the West from the repressive land, water and energy policies of Jimmy Carter." As Levitt of Nevada, who played a key role in arranging their endorsement put it, "We in the West are sick and tired of being treated like colonies."

It seems likely, indeed, that Reagan's cult will be drawn largely from the West. Since the early 1960s, the candidate has created for ideas on Stanford University's Hoover Institution, a conservative think tank. Many believe Hoover Director W. Glenn Campbell could become Reagan's secretary of state. His deputy, Richard Stein, has been nominated for defense.

Of the greatest interest, since Reagan would be the oldest president ever elected in the U.S., is the question of his running mate. Again, northerners and westerners head the vice-presidential stakes, with John Connally of Texas, Howard Baker of Tennessee and South

Carolina's Alan Beal leading the list of dark horses.

Could Ronald Reagan be held at this week's election to be held this week? Gallup says not, giving Carter a narrow lead. But Reagan has been repeatedly underestimated by the pollsters and Wasserman has boosted his stock in a grand way. It appeared to show, once and for all, that Reagan could outpolish conventional political wisdom and win a national election by attracting that crucial crossover vote. For the first time since the McCarthy era, Republicans in the traditionally liberal state replace the Democratic. Some 60 per cent of all votes cast were for the "no." And of those, Reagan gained a third share. The Georgians around Jimmy Carter are more worried than they will admit that Hassan Raouq (who lost out in all those races where he figured) has the best friend you can get at last. □

And goes *Timothy Leary* no longer believes that the future lies in LSD. Instead, he's looking forward to "plan-metabolized advances" in the '90s that will abolish human illness. "The bigger gain of all would be to inoculate people against stupidity," says 68-year-old Leary, who believes the humanistic drug boom will be in parity with his Space Migration Intelligence Institute.



Leary: the future is pharmaceutical. Harry is a sexually frustrated wife, and (back) back to Hindu in "Roadie."

and Life Sciences (SPLS) program. The former Harvard professor and psychologist is communicating his spaced-out message through a stand-up comedy routine which he prefers to call "stand-up philosophy." As the featured act at Yuk Yuk's Comedy Kabaret in Toronto and Montreal this week, Leary plans to do out human insights along with a slide show. "I give the same lecture at colleges as I give in nightclubs," laughs Leary, who claims to "come from a long tradition of frontier counterculture artists" including Mark Twain and Leary Braska.

People are born misgivings — you have to work to become exist," says *Mark Andor-Harris*, a chain-smoking, whisky-drinking Catholic priest who settled in Wilton, Saskatchewan, in the '70s. Harris became "greasy" by eating Linkin Notes, Dame Cakes, Frenchified Athel Marion College of Nutritious Foods. The forty-five father also encouraged to rail heatedly against the CP party and the socialist principles of *Tonya Greville*, sometimes using language that would make a Preston Black Today. The people of Wilton (population 180) are having a chance to relive the Murray

days through the filming of *The Mouth of Nitro Oxide*, a 12-month movie about 36 hours in Murray's life and a bocce game that was crucial to the outcome. **Thomas Peacock**, 47, chairman of the University of Alberta drama department, takes his first film role as Murray. "We pray for blizzards here," advises Peacock recently, since the producers require consistent snow. "It's something on my side."

The long-awaited film debut of *Rocky Horror Picture Show* star Tim Curry will take place next month at the Cineplex Film Festival in Ottawa. Harry, 55, plays a sexually frustrated New Jersey housewife with an assortment of household chores with finding out who is stealing the family milk bottles. Though always gay



Photo: Alan Light

Alisa Cooper. This time she plays what she is—a woman in a man's life. After that her film career becomes even more bizarre, as she teams up with Cheech and Chong in a sequel to their 1979 effort, *Up in Smoke*.



Bruce (left). Kaitlin (right) getting up a matronly shorts. Sylvie, no blouse, no skirt, no hair

Han, featuring Harry would be sure to generate a faithful rock audience. City has been made a low-budget labor of love and art. The director of photography is Edward Lachman, praised for his work as a cameraman with new wave German director Werner Herzog, and the art direction has been handled by George Stevens, a top Soviet film entrance Director Mark Fishkin, an actor himself, hopes that the film will succeed and enable him to resume work on *Wings of Ash*, a film biography of surreal playwright Antonin Artaud starring Mick Jagger. Following her "art" debut, Harry will be seen in *Roddie*, along with Matt Load, Art Garfunkel and

from trying for a fourth run on the pentathlon-style events. "They're trying to prove me the other, there's not much doubt," says Held. "I can't believe the reaction. Everybody is getting his shorts in a knot over it."

"I don't want to succeed at any cost," he says. "I don't want to be a star. I want to be an actress—a very good actress," says Linda Lovelace, 28, a French Canadian whose Japanese performances in *Cordelia* is winning her critical laudes. The film is based on a true story involving a nonconformist woman in rural Quebec who was falsely accused in 1865 of dallying with the local band and

starts. "We kicked it up and had fun with it," explains co-Doll guitarist Sylvain Sylvain. After the Doll's demise in the mid-'70s, Carrere-horn Sylvain played with *Silvia Cross* and is now soloing with an album featuring his double-bass hero. "Kids today are into the *Sexual*," *Sylvain* pre-wrote. Sylvain, who was previously a drug dealer to *Madonna*, claims he has nothing to do with her. "She's into having a show. They want stars. They want to get off the stage," *Sylvain* contends. "Kids are into having a show. They want stars. They want to get off the stage," *Sylvain* contends. "She's into having a show. They want stars. They want to get off the stage," *Sylvain* contends. "She's into having a show. Whatever brings people into the concert hall for the first time, so be it. Even if the reasons aren't sound."

Edited by Marsha Boulton



Photo: Alan Light

Mortal from gallows to boogie-bleus wandering her husband Gordie paid for her "sex" at the gallows. "This woman's life was destroyed almost a hundred years ago, and through the film we're giving her back her life," says Porta, a grotto whose men is reminiscent of *Genevieve Bujold*. Porta has returned to the 20th century by opening her own one-woman boogie-bleus' rock show in Montreal, but the remains her first love, especially Canadian girls. "I have no desire to end up in France or the U.S. with my suitcase on my head like a beginner," she says.

Long before *Kids* learned to lip-lock, young women calling themselves *The New York Dolls* were wearing the latest in pacock makeup and minis.

Bruce (left). Kaitlin (right) getting up a matronly shorts. Sylvie, no blouse, no skirt, no hair



girls who let them smoke pot in the house. There's nothing left to fight for."

Throughout the Juno Awards, former troubadour to Iran Kenneth Taylor bobbed his head up and down to the tune of performances as diverse as *Celine Dion* and Frank Miller. It was a pleasant diversion for Taylor, who told *Maclean's* that he hadn't been able to keep abreast of the Canadian music scene while in Tehran. "The spatshab doesn't like it," says Taylor. "He has his own hit parade."

Not a skip that fails the seven seas will be able to compare with the newly minted fleet of the Royal Saudi Arabian Navy—especially at dinner time. There are 10,000 men in the Saudi navy and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is the contracting agent for a \$2-billion expansion program which includes 100 new ships, 364 million yards of limestone blocks, 180 million cubic yards of limestone blocks, limestone glass and Cheyenne river rocks. While it costs \$100 million a sailor before food, senior naval officers are being treated to six four-year silver plate settings which retail for \$111. "Why should they buy cheap?" says Tom Darnell, head of the U.S. team assigned to the Saudi expansion project. "They really do appreciate quality, so they'll pay for it." Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, chief of U.S. naval operations, doesn't fare so well. He is served with standard hotel/motel-grade cutlery and his salad fork, for example, costs 99 cents.

Without a doubt the pride of North Turkey Creek, Colorado, is 30-year-old *Eugene Fodor*, who has been sewing classical music levers since 1955 when the virtuous violinist won the coveted top honor in the International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow. A violin is merely a strong and hollow box, topped by a horse's tail, with resin to grip, explains Fodor, who calls his 36-year-old, \$300 instrument a "iddle." Fodor's good looks have led others to over his appeal as well as his consummate bowing. He has been described as "an Afghan who plays like a god." Fodor's pre-war days as a violinist, however, prefer to change to fiddler standing. "Kids are into having a show. They want stars. They want to get off the stage," *Sylvain* contends. "She's into having a show. Whatever brings people into the concert hall for the first time, so be it. Even if the reasons aren't sound."

Qualms before the storm



The court was no hale and one strike away from the owners last week in a major-league ballplayers walked off the job. Negotiations on a basic working agreement between the players' association and team owners have been starting and stopping for 20 weeks and finally on April Fool's Day the players forced to stop the last week of spring training and the 90 exhibition games. It was a calculated squeeze play—eight years in the day after the first-ever players' strike in 1972. The players agreed to open the season this week, but to strike again May 22 if no agreement has been reached. The owners' reaction was swift and to the point. All hotel, meal and expense

Empty Crisis ballpark: covert preparation

money for players was immediately cut off and the owners issued a directive prohibiting their right to bench any players deemed "not fit to play" come opening day.

"They'll have to give us all seats," snarled Montreal Expos pitcher and retired social philosopher Bill Lee, "and then they'll find that none of us fit to play and they'll have to cancel baseball." But the owners weren't exactly caught flat-footed. They have known all along that their proposal for compensation for free agents was unacceptable to the players.

The players picked May 22, the first

The 'Great' one's long great year

After 100 days and 546 games, the National Hockey League season has come to an end, its season accomplished. An last year's knothole season came to its close, there were 21 NHL teams trying for the Stanley Cup. Now, as the baseball teams strike, there are only 18.

As was anticipated, the enterprising level was somewhat difficult to sustain. But the league rose to the challenge. The Philadelphia Flyers went on a record undefeated streak, the Montreal Canadiens stumbled and recovered, the New York Rangers bunched, the Toronto

Maple Leafs staged a tragicomic soap opera and the stomachache of fans dimmed enthusiasm so much that had last many more games than they had won struggled to qualify for the second stanza.

Yet as the months wore on, there



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF STONE

were sparks. There were Marcel Dionne and his high-scoring line-mates, Guy Lafleur scoring at least 50 goals for the sixth consecutive year, the impressive rookie year of Boston's Ray Bourque—and then there was Wayne Gretzky.

His nickname is "Great" and many thought he would lose it in the '87. But joining the league with the Edmonton Oilers, he merely convinced everyone that he deserved it. On Feb. 10 he had a record set in 1947—14 years before he was born—by assistance an seven goals. The points gave him one more than the freshman record. He finished with 88 goals and 86 assists for 174 points, leading it up to Dionne to decide the scoring title in the final game of the season.

The season may not be remembered because of the length, or the Flyers' streak, or the steering championship. It will be remembered, though, as the year the "Great" ones arrived.

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Music

For the record



PASSING ON — MAN
Charles Mingus
(Alberto Villalba)

John Mitchell's widely publicized collaboration with the late Charles Mingus accidentally exonerated the computer-business's reputation, intended as an experiment, and a popular success. Mitchell's Mingus instead turned out to be his own song. Though well crafted, Mitchell's jaunting vessels and the treacle electronics of his indonesian gave the impression of young moderns polishing the reputation of a jaded patriarch in a wheelchair. Contrary evidence on this new and very good three-record sampler, *Passions of a Man*, in overwhelming. Mingus needed no casting off. An urban singer to his dying day, every track here bears witness to a muscular imagination projected by ruthless energy. He could have used the bluesman just to begin weasing the many strands of his man.

Mingus constructed for sharp accents and hard pats in what are night-long stretches of sound; his music is like a surreal film score, all shadows and glaze. Although famous for his adaptation of Duke Ellington's sophisticated swingings (here in *Sound of Love*) and of molasses European compositionals technique into post-beat American jazz, the harshest blues and most tribal-sounding rhythms were infusions from band. Whether Mingus is weaving great qualities of sound like Whistlers' Night Prayer Mornings or setting piano ballads in shadowed scenes, the power of his music arises from the clash of solos and structures. And the power of his music arises from the clash of solos and structures.

Most of Langhur's early records are lost, and until Crissie Fazio has re-assis and driven piano had elated capture any song. This record is hardly a reliquary, with romping versions of Patsy Cline's "Walk Lotus Love," where he lets loose his conversely sent singer. Each side ends with a fast-slow-fast piano tune, an index of the agelessness of the French Quarter's back streets that marks Langhur's name as the sound of home. Bart Testa

CRAVENBROOK
Professor Langhur
(Alberto Villalba)

Until his sudden death this January, Professor Langhur (Ray Bryant) was the general baneheit of New Orleans' music phone. As a member of Patsy Cline's, he was a father of rock 'n' roll, and an injaz

BART TESTA / CRAVENBROOK



various, everything from barn-burner boogie to riverboat rhumba passed through his pass and voice. His was the ultimate party music in a city that means in festive rhythms—just as its most outrageous (body and acts).

Most of Langhur's early records are lost, and until Crissie Fazio has re-assis and driven piano had elated capture any song. This record is hardly a reliquary, with romping versions of Patsy Cline's "Walk Lotus Love," where he lets loose his conversely sent singer. Each side ends with a fast-slow-fast piano tune, an index of the agelessness of the French Quarter's back streets that marks Langhur's name as the sound of home. Bart Testa

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YEAR.

Behavior

Flipper madness



Pinchers awaiting all Datsun 280ZX school (above) and in Toronto here; a release from tensions, as good as a hot bath

By Lawrence O'Toole

Is there anything more disheartening than watching a LaMarcus ball bleed?

From the minute it's set, on a pinball, that question might split a playground "Heeb," but the ever-increasing crowd familiar with the parlance of pinball, would understand that it's tantamount to tragedy. To them the game is an emission—a light-and-sound秀—containing in a glass-topped rectangle the size of a dinner table with more colors in it than the eye can count in a mere glance. Using a pair of skillfully deployed flippers to keep that ball held from being swallowed, the pinballer can rack up points all the way to 999,999, but the machine ends up top of the heap. It's over. Game over. It's a bleeding, lossless ball. Disgusting as it might sound, it means simply that a ball that has passed the flippers and is presented dead-bounce back but then, ranging on its reservations, passes the flippers again and again until it finds its final resting place. Playing pinball, for the majority of those who do it, is just that kind of torturous pleasure. What pinball outsiders and sometimes even enthusiasts—say it's so often with such additive abandon.

Call it love. Beginning as bagatelle ("love after" in French), pinball is 17th-century France was basically pool

played on an inclined table with holes in it. Today in Canada pinball is inexpensive, fun, legal and has looked growing healthy in the past few years. Thomas Nicou of Dally Manufacturing Corp. in Chicago estimates that the four major pinball companies in the U.S. are Dally, Gottlieb and C.R. Williams Electronics, Inc., and Stern Electronics, all of Chicago turned out between 100,000 and 150,000 machines last year alone, more than twice the number of frame-ups, says Canadian imports, bus and truck stations, hotel bars, schools, recreation rooms and neighborhood stores in small towns across the country have these Types as dissimilar as Alvin Karpis

and Hugh Heffner have surrendered to the pleasure of pinball. At Toronto's Graffiti Hall Lahey School the Index and gentleness of the law are the backbone to rules between masters of life, death and money.

Moved to the machine in an otherwise off-gauge fashion, Canadian Business editor Alexander Ross says he thinks it's "because it's a way of venting anger. I never sit it, shake it, kick it, and then I feel better. That's why I'm the one-complained person I am." A student from New Brunswick loved the things much better last year, according to playing it constantly, newspaper he rarely plays and regards the machine basically as he would an old weapon. A salesman from Toronto who feels tense from so much travelling goes directly to the airport after his business trip and spends an hour or so with someone called Matt Hart, who occasionally takes pins to him, rewarding him with a few pin games. "She's my resistance," he confided.

Nearly every pinballer will say the machine is relaxing—a release from modern tensions, as good as a hot bath

The sound reason given is that it's "fun," and since fun can range from playing bingo to visiting a house of ill repute, the scope of pinball players' motivations is clearly a wide one. Margaret Rydholm, a dark from Waxwing, gets off on the sensory stimulation. "It's noisy, bright, and it's all interesting. Sure it can be frustrating at times, but it's a great way of dealing with boredom or a slow afternoons." Despite her enthusiasm, she admits that pinball is a slow sport. "It's a tedium, sitting here in a chair, as well as an element of the forbidding. Since 1958 when the pinball business was dominated by underworld figures and New York mayor Fernando La Guardia took a sledgehammer to the machines and buried the half-

ore and dimglass, fishing iridescent, and the machines' pop irreducibly which includes comic book, movie and gambling motifs—the perfect adult toy. Pinball is a male game, reaching back to childhood fantasies such as the Wild West and jungle savagery, although it also borrows that traditionally female pastime of card games. In fact, pinball technology has brought it back."

He's referring to the surge in popularity since the mid-1970s, when, 20 years ago, highly sophisticated developments in the machine by way of solid state components. Now there come in continuous variations and pulse waves and more complex sounds. Gengar, a machine recently marketed by Williams, can actually talk, claiming in the most convincing tone that he has size, or else necessarily advancing oldest. Another new machine from Williams due in June, Firepower, costs \$11 different sounds with 547 variations, has 22 different phrases and, if you hit the right targets, has a three-ball plug instead of just one. Far the conversational, it's more heaven than hellfire. "One of the attractions to pinball nowadays, especially in the arcades," says Trujillo, "is that you can walk into these from time to time and always find something new. And the technology isn't oppressive, either. A pinball machine can't like the computers that run most of our lives—you're doing something to it." The idea of beating the machine and, in part, controlling it, is part of the attraction.

For the cerebral, mostly western pinball is a natural hobby—a way to keep the mind sharpish, to give his reflexes a workout. When Alvin Lofaro, 26, was testing his first pinball, Nightmare, The Underdog of The North Pole, he kept a pinball machine next to his typewriter. Fred Loeben: "When the words wouldn't flow anymore, I turned to the pinball." If I could beat one machine, I could beat the other." He went even further, using pinball as a metaphor for life: "Putting your skill, nerve, persistence and luck against the perverse complexity of human existence." Bob Merschino, another New Brunswick student who returns to Fredericton's Broken Cox to liberate ap the nervous system after a hard day of classes, feels "there must be a God of pinball watching over you. I have this marvelous relationship with the thing; I hate myself when I lose and love it when I win."

Addictive, cheap, restorative, sensational, a way to harness a wasted, pinball is a proposition made by a piece of hardware—a come-on, from computerized components. Enough to make S.P. Slayter feel beside himself with joy as he rates like face and free-game rewards, it is, according to its devotees, just a way to feel better. And then there's something like 999,999—the argument of pinball. □

Transportation

The long and short of supertrucking

You pull out to overtake the tractor-trailer far ahead of you. You put your foot all the way down to the floor. The somehow you don't seem to be making much headway. You're still running parallel with the truck, and the truck seems to go on forever. Forever, you find, is 100 feet long, or will it be a recent Ontario Trucking Association proposal finds favor with the provincial government. The association wants the present 70-foot limit on the length of trucks lifted for a year in order to experiment with supertrucks.

"Double" car carriers—two trailers pulled by one

trucking them down suburban streets, only at selected divided highways. And, says the OTA's Peter "No responsible manufacturer could afford to waste this kind of money on something that isn't safe."

No-fail safety tests of braking and tracking abilities have already



Glossy prototype drivers of small cars could stick to big rigs.

trucks used—that would carry 12 or more cars in a single load. The current limit in eight cars and if the truckers get the green light, says Staples Flotz, executive vice-president of OTA, the result could be fuel savings of 20 to 40 per cent, and reduced per-delivery charges for car buyers. The benefits are already in use in Alberta and being considered in Quebec, but the OTA may have a fight on its hands. The 600,000-member Ontario Motor League—one of the most powerful consumer pressure groups, doesn't want them on the road.

"We are very concerned about the length and weight of these carriers," says Pat Curran, manager of consumer and media information for the OMLeague, which has made its views known to Ontario Transportation Minister James Dunn. What the league is worried about specifically is that drivers of small cars will face big problems when passing these trucks, that there will be greater visibility problems from oncoming traffic and steering problems caused by swerving. In the U.S., the DOT points out, highway fatalities is heavy truck accidents have risen steeply since weight restrictions were eased in 1978. In one study fatalities were up 47.6 per cent between 1975 and 1978.

Albertans, meanwhile, have learned to live with the triples. And, says Mike

Curran, "we've had no problems with them." The triples run only on Highway 2 between Calgary and Edmonton, and on selected routes into those cities—including some parts of Edmonton's twisting, turning Grand Road. They are also required in short down at the first hint of adverse weather conditions. There is, Curran says, "no evidence at all" of an increase in the accident rate due to these trucks. Still, Pat Curran thinks people should not be too quick to generalize from Alberta to Ontario. "With our volume of traffic, particularly second Metro 20,000, the situation is a lot different."

As for the problem of highway wear, Curran says that the triples are "no more deleterious than any other type of vehicle." The question is not simply the weight of the truck but the number of axles carrying that weight. Indeed, Presently Equipment of Edmonton has an absolute maximum of a tractor-trailer combination 140 feet long and 27 feet wide, which can carry loads of \$60,000 without breaking down the highway, because it runs at 86 miles per hour. This means the truck operates only under special permit, and that only with pilot vehicles front and aft.

Andrew Weiler

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College of the Alberta Motor Association claims "when bad weather occurs, no problem with them."

with them?" The triples run only on Highway 2 between Calgary and Edmonton, and on selected routes into those cities—including some parts of Edmonton's twisting, turning Grand Road. They are also required in short down at the first hint of adverse weather conditions. There is, Curran says, "no evidence at all" of an increase in the accident rate due to these trucks. Still, Pat Curran thinks people should not be too quick to generalize from Alberta to Ontario. "With our volume of traffic, particularly second Metro 20,000, the situation is a lot different."

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Andrew Weiler



PHOTO BY ANDREW HETHERINGTON FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Justice

Erasing stigma with eloquence

By Paul Gutterman

The 35-year-old woman with the square-gong glasses and straight brown hair was ushered into the membership meeting in North Vancouver had been called to discuss changing the name of the North Shore Association for the Mentally Retarded. She was anguished by a man who stood up to protest any change. He had a young daughter, he announced, and he didn't object to her being called retarded. But Bob Goode rose and, her face reddening, her voice pitched high, told the father: "We're not doing it for you, sir. We've done it for your daughter when she grows up." The members at that emotion-drenched meeting two years ago voted to rename their group as Association for the Mentally Handicapped. It was a minor semantic change but a significant victory for Goode. She is mentally handicapped, and as she said later, "I can't stand the word retarded. I think you should label just, not people."

Like 80 per cent of the mentally handicapped, Bob Goode is only mildly handicapped. She was a slow learner who attended special classes while growing up at home with her parents.

Today she lives on her own in an apartment and has bought bonds and an annuity with money she earned as a nurse's aide and an assistant receptionist with a Vancouver job-placement program for the retarded. She is also president of the North Shore branch of People First, the most vigorous arm of a remarkable movement that is allowing mentally handicapped people to speak for themselves, haltingly but eloquently, as they begin to demand their civil rights. These self-help groups—13 across the country, including those in Toronto and Laval Campagnes des Marguerites in Montreal—are persuasive examples of the current theory that most, if not all, of Canada's 80,000 retarded can live in normal surroundings and escape the inhumanity and stigma of institutions.

The concept of coming into the community is gradually, painfully gaining public sympathy as North Americans are increasingly confronted—in the media, on the streets, sometimes by the group houses that face up to the reality that three per cent of the population suffers mental handicaps. This week, in Hollywood, Ira Wolf's *First Boy* is a Melvyn Grove winner as best feature film at the surprisingly popular, even-

eloquent, film festival of assistive arts and crafts for disabled children. The Canadian Human Rights Commission is taking that the Human Rights Act be amended to forbid discrimination based on mental handicap.

"Our presentation," says Irene Edmond, legal counsel for the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded, "is the right not so be confined in an institution." The association would like to close the doors of all the institutions, which still hold more than 10,000 Canadians. CARMR president Dr. Dickey Vanover believes that even the most profoundly retarded can lead full lives in a family-like atmosphere in the community like her own 24-year-old son, Drew, is going into a group home this month after 10 years in an institution. Provincial governments are much less committed to this ideal, although most now fund at least some life-skill services programs to "deinstitutionalize" the mentally handicapped. But as Edmond told the association's annual convention in Vancouver last fall: "The public is confused and I am confused that governments say they believe in community living and yet we are still investing millions of dollars in the segregated concept of institutions."

Canadian institutions have performed horrifically benighted days when society forced them to believe they would palliate the pain of those they were locked away in what humanists call "the kingdom of stagnated human beings." But human stories still emerge. A counselor

partially positive film about Wahl's 52-year-old retarded cousin who had lived for all but two years at home with his parents and is moving to the independence of a group home. The television this season, too, has *One of Our Own* told the story of a retarded ten-year-old, sweetly portrayed by 11-year-old David McFarlane, who is afflicted with Down's syndrome. In Alberta, Edmonton's Catalyst Theatre Group is currently touring the province with a revue that dramatically replaces legal rights to mentally handicapped wisdom. And this month in the Metro Toronto municipality of Scarborough, eight retarded men and women are moving into a five-bedroom house, the first group home opened there after a local bylaw was approved last year and federal

laws were passed.

Last year the Supreme Courts of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia established the right of group homes to locate in residential areas in their provinces. Each day, too, other provinces continue to strengthen the rights of the mentally handicapped. Ontario has banned the sterilization of all children under 16 and has last month introduced Bill 10, legislation to govern sterilization for all ages. Also last month

at the Thomas Regional Centre in Orillia, Ont., was forced to admit that the province's former licensing agency had denied a woman in the facility a permit to sell the Religious Record Centre on Smith Falls Rd., Ont., was convicted of assault on testimony that he had placed a retarded man's penis on a table and stood on it. Yet the terrible effects of an institution—solitude, stagnation, regression—can rear as badly as hearings. One 35-year-old seriously retarded man spent more than two decades in Ottawa's Beechwood Institution and eventually had to be found

out of his parents' car after weekend visits at home. In 1976 he settled in a Toronto group home. "The move has made him a going-up instead of a sit," his father says. Shaya his mother "Mark is a perfect one."

About the time this man was institutionalized, Denmark and Sweden were experimenting with community living for the retarded—a movement that spread to North America as the '80s began. Nebraska and Saskatchewan pioneered group homes. Saskatchewan had an unwritten policy that such residents take one retarded person from

Teaching of Wreckless investing millions in the antiquated concept of institutions.



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an invitation for every one already in the community. Within three years the population at an institution in Moose Jaw had dropped from 1,000 to about 190.

Nowhere in Canada has the community-based concept been handled more imaginatively than in BC. A group of parents with children in the Woodlands treatment and training centre for the retarded, in New Westminster, organized an a pressure group four years ago and convinced the Social Services to support an independent Community Living Society by giving it \$10,000 a

year per client—which at the time was the cost of caring for one person in Woodlands. In the past 14 months the society has placed 45 retarded people, 13 more than severely handicapped, in residences around Metro Vancouver. Its staff of seven acts as a broker between community agencies and the retarded, arranging individually designed accommodations and follow-up care in group and foster homes—and, increasingly, in developments the mentally handicapped rent themselves.

Last month three more—22-year-old Donald Barry, who had lived with his

parents, 38-year-old Donald Stewart from Woodlands and 30-year-old Jim Lightfoot from Woodlands—had moved into their own rented house with a male social worker who supervises them overnight during the week (a female worker relieves him on weekends). During the day the men attend a sheltered workshop and at night a trainer teaches them such rudimentary skills as cooking and budgeting. With the three men contributing most of their \$21-a-month government subsidies toward the rent, it costs about \$30,000 a year to run the group home. The current cost of keeping a single person in Woodlands is now about \$30,000 a year.

Despite such success Dr Elena Tschirhart, medical director of Woodlands, maintains that Canadian institutions for the retarded won't disappear for at least the next decade. The growing lobby for those who remain include new groups: former residents themselves. Les Compagnons des Mariniers, founded in 1980, is the oldest self-help group for the mentally handicapped in the country. Its programme here is L'Oréal Laundry, who tried to escape from an institutional taos and succeeded a third time. Laundry, a war veteran, wasn't retarded but he knew how it feels to live with that label and has helped launch the group's latest drive, organizing the mentally handicapped in Quebec City's Robert-Giffard Hospital.

Toronto's newest—Equal Rights and Social Equality—was formed by handicapped people themselves 10 years ago. They meet regularly to hear speakers on subjects like mental law and to campaign against the erroneous labelling of the mentally handicapped. The 35 members prefer to be known as slow learners.

People First—an idea that spread from Oregon to B.C. and Alberta—is launching in Vancouver with four groups. The oldest is Barb Goode's chapter which, in two years of working with community advisors, has sponsored social events and invited experts to its meetings to stimulate discussion. An estate recently prompted members to confess their own successful school experience ("The other kids were heartless"). Goode says about her youth in a special class in a regular high school: "They would just laugh at us and leave us alone."

When the Canadian Association for the Mentally Handicapped met in Vancouver last fall, it designed a brochure for People First. In present of the conference, but the members politely refused the fan accept and prepared a brochure about themselves—which pointedly defined their organization as "a group where we can gain confidence to speak out for ourselves." □

Portrait of a C.G.A.



Harvey Gilmore, C.G.A.

Manager, Financial Planning - Ancillary Operations, University of Western Ontario

In providing a total financial service in his particular area, Harvey Gilmore uses a combination of technical, managerial, analytical and human relations skills. Most after work he is called upon to discuss and evaluate budgets, operating reports, financial analysis and feasibility studies in meetings with unit managers, students, faculty and Senate committees. He is keenly aware of the needs of the University community and familiar with all aspects of the business world. When he is not working, he enjoys his office. Away from the office, Harvey enjoys activities such as golf, bridge, gardening and woodworking—and still finds time for a bit of private consulting and tax work. His career is satisfying. It all adds up.

Harvey Gilmore is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).



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Mckay no longer any trouble sleeping

recreational, as it is in most buildings, many of the negative ions get stripped away. Ionosphere supporters believe this causes fatigue and depression in the 25 to 30 percent of the population that is particularly sensitive to the absence of negative ions, and that's why the problem is intensified in large modern offices with windows that do not open and air that is filtered and refined. An ionizer simply restores the natural balance.

But whether the benefits are real or imagined, the growth in popularity is undeniable. Two Montreal distribution firms for ionizers, Electra International and BioTech Electronics, recently introduced less expensive ion units (\$99 to \$125). Electra's president, William Lee, says that about 15 per cent of his customers get so hooked on the unit they buy for their home that they want one for their car as well. Last year he sold more than 6,000 ionizers in 75 distributionships across the country. Says Lee: "People are buying ionizers mainly because they've cooled, humidified, de-mistified and they find there's still something lacking in the air." But perhaps the clearest sign of ionizer popularity is the success of the book that brought negative ions to the mind of the public in 1977, *The Ion Effect*. By Toronto business consultant Fred Sogol and journalist Alan Edwards, has 80,000 paper-back copies in print in Canada and 1 million in the U.S., with 4,000 new copies coming every month.

The game between the laboratory of satisfied customers and that of the sceptical community is extraordinary. David Johnson of the federal Health Protection Branch says most of the conceivable literature on the topic is unconvincing because of poor experimental technique. "I am begged on one's working on it," he says of the idea that too few negative ions may have deleterious effects, for he would like to see the question settled. He says it has received low priority among scientists because of funding problems.

Those who swear their headaches have been cured, or that they are no longer grouchy around three in the afternoon, or that their asthma has eased, may not much care about the lack of scientific support. Gerald Davis, for example, a president of TRAC - The Residential Air Quality Group, an Ottawa consulting firm that evaluates environments with eye toward the requirements of their users. Do ionizers require negative ions? "I'm not able now to say there is a scientifically provable requirement. I can say for myself and our organization that we have established it as a requirement for ourselves." He owns four.

David Weinberger



so pure...so smooth...so dry.

Health

Finding happiness in a good ion ratio

"I still don't believe it. I look at it and ask, 'That's hot,'" says Toronto data processing consultant Joseph Piersak. Since buying a negative ion generator for his office seven weeks ago, he has not had even one of the headaches that plagued him almost daily for 15 years. Now he has an ionizer in his office and there at home for the entire family. Lou McKay started having trouble sleeping when she moved from Thunder Bay to Toronto three years ago. She bought the first of her three ionizers two years ago and has slept happily ever after. Gynostomar Ltd. Page owns five large ones and reports even more dramatic effects. "With the machine turned on high and the doors closed, you can actually get high. I leave the doors off my office open now."

Five years ago, the owner of an ionizer would be suspected of also having a sauna, love beads and a California tan. Today, the negative ion generator is almost respectable. There is even one in the basement workshop of the Cana-

dian Institute of Chartered Accountants. Somewhere, the ionizer has found a comfortable niche in the health products business—despite a very hefty television cost of about \$1,000, the ionization of a four-foot room and an effectiveness range of only six feet. And there is no solid proof that it really does anything. Says consulting engineer William Kitchin, whose hobby is the study of negative ions (and who uses one in his office and at home): "Even though the medical profession has turned thumbs down on ionizers as far as the advertised benefits go, the public has said, 'Listen to us. We'll buy them anyway.'"

The principle behind the ionizer has been understood since the 1800s century. Molecular Seating in the air sometimes lose or gain electrons (atomic particles with a negative electrical charge). When this happens, the molecule has either a positive or a negative charge and is called an ion. In normal air outside, ion count naturally is in a ratio of five positive ions to every four negative ones. But when air is filtered, cooled or

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The happy rebirth of an intricate art

By Thomas Hopkins

The huge golden bear carvings have come along the edges of a chair rail. Fringed along the edges of the curved headboards and blank ends of small bureaus come from the centers of the trees, each piece by piece, until the whole is whittling its way. The Trickster. The monumental sculpture, chipped from a single 4-ton block of luminous yellow cedar, symbolizes the creation myth of a diminished race, the Haida Indians of the Northwest Coast of British Columbia. Its designer is Bill Reid, 60, Haida

convictions and formalities of the old styles. Apprenticeship programs have blossomed all along the B.C. coast, and government and private foundations allow the most popular of the new carvers to earn up to \$80,000 a year. Princess, such as Haida boxes by artist George Hunt, earned \$20,000 a year last, while a gold for \$200 in 1977, now sell for nearly \$2,000, and West Coast artist Joe David's Memorial Raven Drum fetches \$600, up from \$150 two years ago. Boxes designed by Northwest Coast artists flavor over Vancouver streets and a dozen or more galleries that specialize in the art have



Carver For many, Boxes and the First Men, unveiled by Prince Charles last week at the University of British Columbia's charming Museum of Anthropology, represents the lifeline on what has become a remarkable renaissance of Northwest Coast Indian art.

Twenty-five years ago the dense, intricate art of B.C.'s Indians was scattered and forgotten, wooden statues growing moss on the masts of the Queen Charlotte Islands, carved artifacts of past lives carefully numbered and resting in museums. Today, in a bright and happy rebirth, there are more than 300 carvers and primitive-artisans thronging the province, with some 50 holding on the best of the ston-

open in recent years. In August, a show called *Legacy: Continuing Traditions of Canadian Northwest Coast Indian Art* will tour Britain, sponsored by the B.C. Provincial Museum. And the bulk of it will be the work of contemporary artists—not artifacts—unbelievable even a decade ago.

Like any renaissance, however, this one has its woes about without distinction and dispute, the excesses have not been lost; a resurrection of a forgotten art form has left the history of a people—a history totally entwined with the art. Supporters wrangle over whether the striking new works are simply traditional crafts that breathe pride into the

matrix of a dead race or art in the "Era Arts" sense. Young carvers try to balance the contradictions of art and growing commercialism against the urge to perpetuate to tell old legends to generations who have never known them. For Bill Reid even the apprentices are a sweat and unexpected development. "I got into this to do a little flag-waving, to say that the people who lived here were not insignificant."

The fact that in B.C. (if not yet in the rest of Canada) the resurgence has registered in due course is small measure to Reid, a part-Haida farmer (he's an amateur who used to carve the ancient forms on bits of precious metal between radio ease). After years as a "rude B.C. boy,"



Reid decided to chuck it all in 1969 to begin work on two Northwest Coast ceremonial blades and six totem poles commissioned by art critic. From there he went on despite the mounting debilitation of Parkinson's disease to study the old forms, adapting them to modern living in the early '70s. In 1978 he triumphantly raised a pole to the applause of 3,000 people gathered at his mother's village of Skidegate on the rain- and sun-painted Queen Charlotte Islands, the traditional Haida home.

It was of a scale and precision that have made Reid famous, but it also served to symbolize the unbroken connection between hunting both Reid and the re-

Bill Reid and Raven
(far left), Davidson's
"Rider Whale," mosaic
and pole on the Chet
Kathas, Memorial Rain-
bow, and a Haida
"Bear's Birth Anniversary"
(below); visual planning

born art. Speaking of it he will call himself a "transient builder" in one sentence, a maker of "anti-fakes" in the next. These kinds of contradictions may have contributed to the fact that the Alives judged his life for seven years before he could finish it. Though he began in 1935, with a design taken from a beaver's carving he had made in 1930, the rotunda that now houses the sculptor isn't empty for years as clients and other commitments kept Reid away from the carving. It was only the palpable and persistent of B.C. philanthropists and lumbermen Walter Murray and the public at large that through Shaped by Reid's skillful apprentices and funded by him, it will never be a bore.

Reid's first public work through Shaped by Reid's skillful apprentices and funded by him, it will never be a bore. The design is a shaman, a trickster like Raven, the performer of magic. The holding blocks or "alphabet" of the art are shapes such as the squat-necked owl (blubbed "owls"), elongated "ot," stylized tentacles and wings, stitched together with thick, black, inter-connected "Tenn lines." The result is what Reid calls "supersized power."

Part of the confusion over what is Northwest Coast art is that the old art is practical as well as mythic and symbolic—dishes were found on rattles, masks, ceremonial houses and cooking utensils. And artists held high spiritual status—a sharp contrast to the painting-based Western Schools of Indian artists like Norval Morrisseau, which emerged less than 30 years ago and had no heritage of craft-making. Originally the best of the Northwest Coast craftsmen's work served a function in the community. Much of it was used in potlatches, gift-giving ceremonies as initiates and virgins as a Japanese Noh play and rock-holes in their proximity. Chief's gash-valved the elegance of a Chinese emperor and even spouts and lovely grilles whose bowls were intricately carved with glazing birds and fish. "They were," says

The Alternative.

A photograph showing a traditional horse-drawn carriage on a paved road. In the foreground, a bottle of Skol vodka stands upright. The background features lush green trees and a clear blue sky.

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search with the slow reworking of the old political forms and skilful marketing as most expanding countries demands. Says Peter Macario, curator of ethnology at Victoria's Provincial Museum, "It remains a living art."

But the fact that it is alive is an fortunate and unusual way, though the winds of relatively cheap, learned imitation prints, like broadsides, do even pneumonia. Reid's popularity, and the appreciative clamour of the Florida style has had to a "Hakka is good, good in Hakka" attitude among buyers who tend it pass over the more flamboyant and theatrical designs of the Kweikau, much to the irritation of that style's champions. Printmaking has also led to the flourishing of quickly done "airport art" aimed at cash-rich Japanese tourists. "Seventy-five per cent of the artists working today don't understand the basic forms," worries 35-year-old Kwai-kuai master Tony Hui. With scholarly criticism just beginning, it is taking time for the art galleries to confidently show and catalogue the best of the new work. For good young careers and practitioners such as Art Thompson, Gerry Maro and Ray Walker, acceptance for their work is slow to come. "It's time to get people on to important artistry," says Marjorie Heppen. "There's been great in the past about white people copy-making this work. Now I'm trying to turn people into patients." Aggravating the problem is the continuing distinction between the new art and its anthropological basis, a gap between tradition and art most keenly felt by the artists themselves. "I could easily make a good living just as an artist," says Tony Hui, who comes from a family of 22 carvers, runs a Victoria art gallery and a training program for young native students. "But my role is to teach at my cost."

For his part Bill Head worries about cluttering up the art by giving it to "revived Indians." Suffering the curse of a painter who had to work alone for many years, he is less concerned by the tribe's cultural imperatives and says: "Sometimes I think we should be learning to live cars and toaster, not doing art." But even Reid chose to create the Shadigate gods for only his expenses, and he admits that he wants his ashes scattered over Taiau, his mother's abandoned ancestral Queen Charlotte Island village. Tony Hui and Robert Davidson, both extremely successful, feel compelled to teach and are at varying stages of building big studios in their individually-owned homestead villages. But, ironically, the most serious strength of the Northeast Coast art renaissance may be its most lasting. Says Marjorie Heppen, "You can do this for the rest of your life, make a living and still be an Indian."

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BERMUDA



Column

Dialoguing out of the valley of the shadow of sin

By Barbara Amiel

It all sounded like a rehearsal of one of Lemire's Dr. Jonathan Miller's *Ancient Clergy* person-skits from *Beyond the Fringe*. "The topic of sexual morality makes the difficult question of spiritual values," said the host of CBC's *Radio Nova* brightly. "Our questions today—must necessarily change with the times?" On hand to help Lemire's cast out this agonizing and thorny question were two members of the United Church's task force on human sexuality. One, Blaud Listener, a gay man, said that since to call itself a "task force" was unlikely to cope with questions of a spiritual nature, but she let that pass. It was easier to let it pass anyway than her Holier-than-thou remonstrance, quoted the day before on the front page of *The Globe and Mail*: "to some it looks like it's ongoing out there... the United Church has no business telling people whether they're right or wrong to have sex. Before, outside or in-between marriage, premarital sex is God's creation."



There, then, were the battle lines as the phone or show began. On the one hand pointed Agrees, chiding, as it seemed, their Bibles and wondering why their church had forsaken them. On the other, progressive task force members Barry Rose from the Sex Information and Education Council of Canada and David Hallinan, responsible for pastoral ministries in the United Church. The church had appointed a number of clergymen and, appropriately, some laypersons to reconcile the Word made Flesh with flesh and simple Thur condonate—the subtilized, as they repeatedly assured listeners, for further developing and fueling—was that, well, Everything Goes. Even the one hand, dedicated to be impartial, seemed taken aback: "When is it sinful?" he queried timidly. Barry Rose had no problem with that one. "When love is not present, when it is explosive, when it is not socially re-

sponsible." She added authoritatively: "Sin is alienation."

Blaud Listener heaved a small sigh of relief. The church was not getting out of its traditional business of telling right from wrong after all. It was merely redefining sin in a language comprehensible to Freudian Marxist Systems Analysis Flow-Chart Designers. Loving non-explosive focusous, seriously responsible adultery, when and genuine homosexuality were fine. Tade-

timer was the thought process that led up to the task force's conclusion. By making honesty the only lit lit the felt the most dreadful moral abomination could be countenanced. And, come to think about it, in the modern church they evidently have been.

The problem was precisely with what David Hallinan called "the need to struggle to try and understand [the Bible] in the modern context and put it together with the struggles and dynamics of our society." Until recently the church at least tried to measure contemporary mores against what it regarded as the revealed word of God, not the other way around. And that had been how our fallible human ideas and appetites measured up to a higher moral law. It was when the church abandoned the one and began to relate to Caesar not only what Caesar's God said what was closest God's that such things as the Consensus of Higher Churches became a possibility. Dr. Christian's gifts of money to the African terrorist of SWAPO and the

Palestinian Front.

Others believe that whenever a pressure group or a new school of socioeconomic "sentiment" appears on the horizon it is the whole moral experience of Judeo-Christianity that has to be adapted, the point is not reached when they no longer know whether murder is right or wrong—as in the 1973 report on "Struggles for Liberation" adopted by the World Council of Churches, which warned that oppressive political structures "survival does not present itself as an option unless they would withdraw totally from the struggle for justice." Or resolutions in the WCC naming the United States as a centre of violence while defeating attempts to include any Soviet-like other Communist country in its list of culprits. When we begin to suspect that every adjustment by "progressive" churchmen takes them closer to the demands of applied Marxism then, *Beyond the Fringe* skirts aside, the comedy is no longer fun.



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History as simple as one, two, three

THE THIRD WAVE
by Alan Toffler
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There are people who believe that Jonathan Livingston Seagull is profound. Others smile faintly. They know that what is really profound is Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock* and now *The Third Wave*.

probably for this reason that we can't help regarding Toffler's prose style as being a rather obvious a second try. But Jonathan Livingston Seagull is simply reflecting the wisdom of a certain breed of blabber-mouths and stereo-set-all-new whiz-bang entertainers' tame it when it plays.

Though Toffler is probably a well-educated rascal—he's the holder of five

degrees in letters, law and science, albeit honorary—he creates the impression of someone who has never read anything except the *daily paper* and is not about to start at this late and successful juncture in life. He is as current as a new book. The examples from which he extrapolates his far-reaching and categorical conclusions about the entire human experience seem to have all appeared on his breakfast table that same morning. The third great epoch of mankind is on our doorstep. Toffler seems to me incapable of writing a true paper about the epochal shift in time and the prices of gold. Or cable-TV watchers with electronic credit cards.

Toffler is a master of absolute prediction. In his book he manages to discuss every single idea, event or manufactured item in history from Buddha to Freud on mere side effects of his own underlying theories of causation. The real light in history, he proclaims, is between producers and consumers and not, as some of us may have thought, between consumers and the engorged, jupITER and Christians, capitalists and proletarians, perhaps even the living or the dead. This producer/consumer split was caused by market specialization introduced by the Second Wave industrial society, and will be cured by the emergence of the "prosumer" in the Third Wave. This new creature will recombine the roles of producer and consumer in a world of staggered hearts and at-home work in the "electronic cottage," per-

haps. And his new cover looks like the title page of a Victorian chronicle.



Toffler: come-athome shareholder (STEREOTYPE)

Then, there must be a third group, one that tends to view the first two groups with profound contempt.

If Jonathan Livingston Seagull allows its simple-mindedness to hang out in an almost endearing way, well, Alvin Toffler is not that far behind. It is not unfair to sum up his new 300-page study of heroes history in these sentences. 1. For about 16,000 years we were an agricultural society called "The First Wave." 2. Around the late 18th century we changed into an industrial society, called "the Second Wave." 3. Around the 1960s we started changing into the society called "The Third Wave," and that's the rest of all our troubles.

Those of us who view the success of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and *Future Shock* with amazement would probably be Second Wave persons in the Tofflerian universe. We are addicted to linear thinking and hierarchy. It is



slowing and wasting his own tail as well. The great re-hashing of that which has been our ancestor (ancestor and progeny) will be the second evening to last all the contradictions that we today (though more Second Wave) naively attribute to have/have-nots, us/los/tercios, democrats/fascists, Amis/Dems or the ready availability of *Playboy* or the *newspaper*.

Is that summary suffice? Yes, it is. Beyond his irritating habit of presenting the obvious and trite as his own original discoveries, Toffler does offer some of insight and predictions that may well prove to be correct. As well, Toffler's description of the past is not necessarily inaccurate—what he calls the First Wave has been known to others as the great Neolithic revolution and it did have a profound impact on the Paleolithic cultures that preceded it. But Toffler is a textbook example of what George Orwell called the "nothing but" type of emerging superficiality. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that Toffler has such an appeal in an age whose very complexity makes people yearn for reductionism, even to absurdity. Especially in our society, so used to pre-packaged, pre-digested easy answers. Here it is—the universe in a capsule time-released to provide 24 hours of consciousness relief! —Barbara Auerst

A comedy of colonial manners

A GENTLE OCCUPATION
By Ian Bagwell
[Crown, \$17.95]

Sixty years can be forgotten as easily as brief love affairs, and the British occupation of India from 1947-49 now seems ancient history. The Japanese invaders were hotly defeated but the nationalists were not yet in control and Britain, soon to retreat from India, Burma and other outposts of its own empire, occupied the Dutch East Indies for a time, befuddling your The protagonists, like the Zemindars, guerrillas of our own time, wanted independence at once and fought bitterly to get it. Among the British soldiers on the islands was Dick Bogarde, fresh from the European front, and 30 years later he has made this obscure battlefield the focus of his first novel.

"I always hoped," says one of the British officers, "that any particular war would be a gentle companion. Van hope. It never is." Bogarde's characters are not the ordinary, tortured interverts we recognize as Bagwell's characters from such films as *Death in Venice* and *Empire*. They are decent, ordinary people caught up in an extraordinary time

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A Gentle Despotism is a tale about society, a comedy of manners, and it has the bulk girth of a Victorian chronicle, at least a dozen characters qualify as major. Regarde is adept at interlacing the strands of a long, intricate plot. His subject is not just the gentle occupation of society, but the dogged attempt by the British to establish peace and order in a land as foreign as Beddoes.

Some of the characters—so angular, distanced general, an officer afraid to show his love, a glibly, updy name—border on cliché. But perhaps by 1996 the British Empire bordered on cliché in those last years of imperial play, the stability of the colonies rated on guns and imagery. In *A Gentle Despotism* the images are not sterile; the troops were capable of acts of kindness and love that made their conquerors tolerable, even desirable, to themselves and the local people. Kindness, courtesy, generosity—the novel returns old virtues.

This is not the work of a novice. With two successful self-publications behind him, Regarde is a master of dialogue and language. His small book will make a fine 9" armful. What it lacks, in the end, is the breadth of imagination that would lift it beyond the banality of 1945 that Regarde so pensatulously evokes, that would give it a deeper, wider resonance. His characters are too decent for great revolution. For all his wit and tact, *A Gentle Despotism* is little more than historical romance.

Mark Abley

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

ROMANCE

- 1 *Family's People*, Le Caron (C)
- 2 *The Bravos Identity*, Lutjens (B)
- 3 *The Devil's Alternative*, Poirier (B)
- 4 *Life Before Me*, Allerton (A)
- 5 *Princesses Gisele*, Kremala (C)
- 6 *A Right Royal Comeback*, Lutjens (B)
- 7 *Sophie's Whirl*, Heaton (B)
- 8 *The Shining Heart*, French (B)
- 9 *The Imposter's Virgin*, French
- 10 *The Last Knighthood*, Stewart

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Birthright*, Woodford, Armstrong (B)
- 2 *Divorce: A Story*, Donnelly & Co. (B)
- 3 *Blue-Yellow Shells*, Foster (A)
- 4 *And No Birds Sang*, Moore (B)
- 5 *Preparing Your Own Income Tax Return*, Louisiana (C)
- 6 *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*, Wright
- 7 *Frees to Choose*, Milton/Friedman
- 8 *100*
- 9 *Amid Knew's Cape Book*, Brembeck
- 10 *The Third Wave*, Toffler
- 11 *The Night Shift*, Wolfe
- 12 *17 Hours with*

Films

A sleek serving of silliness

THE CHANGING
D. WILHELM FINE ARTS

A semi-fictional ghost story, *The Changing* takes what is essentially local material and somewhat transforms it. That's quite an accomplishment with film like "John, who must get out of that house" to fight against. If *The Changing* is ultimately—and it certainly is—oddish, it has offhandedly been served up so sleekly. The

a talent for drumming up atmosphere—the tinkling of a piano in silence, the peeling, inside the heart notes early in the morning, a music box playing a lullaby through a sunlit room, the sound of the dead child's voice grunting through a tape made during a séance. The movie works almost as a descriptive diary—what is happening? why?—but once it leaves behind suggestion for exposition it loses its fascination.



SCOTT: composer with an unusual residency

haunted house that composer John Russell (George C. Scott) moves into following the death of his wife and child has been masterfully conceived by set designer Trevor Williams and lit with all the tricks in the trade by John Coquelin. The photography is moody, but appropriately so—the movie has a sombre, decaying look, with some soft-focus backgrounds barely discernible behind the veil of smoke. "It doesn't want people," warns an old crone, and you almost feel it is your bone.

What you can't feel is any driving need to follow the movie's conclusion, as it plays its camp card about halfway through. The director, Peter Medak (*The Flying Carpet*) has an interesting aesthetic style for this kind of Gothic material. Yet become increasingly aware of the camera as a character—the medium-spirited agent of a child who moves creepily, knowingly, through the house following Russell. For in shadow and there's no denying that Medak has

Other than the high level of technical achievement, there isn't much of a spell woven by *The Changing*; it's foiled by its gags. The movie also allows Scott conveniently to forget about his dead wife and child midway. One would expect a composer of all people, to be obsessed with one memory—and particularly so in such a bizarre case. One would also expect him to be more articulate about his amateur. The performances, save for short, rattling bits by Helen Bonham as a medium and Marlene Douglas as a seance—aren't satisfactory, but nor can say the same thing about a host of broad, broads—Jeanne Moreau, Robert Wolders, Frederic Wylde—are preposterous waste. If all the people involved in this Canadian-made movie had had a decent project to begin with, the result might have been something other than "good product."

LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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God save us from our gracious Queen

By Alan Fotheringham

Much shaking like, you see, is filled with a reverent nightmare. It is bad enough, then, however an one's past—Marie-Antoinette, Queen Elizabeth II, Stefanie Somers, painterly, Royal Ringers at Saturday night—Freudian flew charts. Rosen—but what is really depressing is the contemplation of who we perceive to be the horizon of one's future. What fills my plaintive比
the space with chills is the prospect, as demonstrated once again last week, of plowing through future mounds of newspaper about yet another thinnish wonder of the unemployed British royal: ongoing ribbons and roving amazeballs schoolgirls and dispensing 7000 wifecries in complaint, adoring Canadians. Neither an Olympic boycott, Nelson Becker Hurst, nor the prospect of Tim Sander or Prince Philip being regarded as serious thinkers depress me as much. I have many objections to Canadians as a breed, but acting as obsequious sycophants to isolated tolls who have screen a long career, is probably the least attractive of their traits.

If you are curious, I am bored. The surface of the Royal dispensence for make-work projects is to justify their own age of ignorance, drives into rosy-ball-rolling paracymons of course. What asymptot that could be usefully taken by account of traffic accidents is countered by savoring details of yet another disgraced prince, displaying clear-like vigilance of Prince Philip's and our, dazzling factory managers who know no better. Really, in 1980, do we need this slide inflation?

The review this pinged upon my forehead is that we just have had—dare I say it—Queen, never—a—another spell of Prince Charles, the thoroughly painful young man consigned to a wretched life of saying nice things to people he doesn't really know and undoubtedly would not like. He has—but departure. Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *PP News Service*.

ing on a private jet for a "private" visit to Florida which will include a polo tournament, well-known pastime of the pervers—been doing this solo, tired out in Ottawa and British Columbia, the reinvigorated factions of the Royals are now in the process of reappearing heads and platforms.

Now most readers of this space

will know that I have no objection with the philosophical concept of the monarchy it serves, greatest, a useful purpose the 50th anniversary of her ascension to the Crown. It was her third visit in three years. Fact enough. There was appropriate affection and nostalgia—mostly in the up-scale age bracket. Grace Kelly, too, it's become the kiss. Prince Philip, the longue salutation for British abroad, drew in to taste that year. After Prince Andy and Eddy dashed the podium set, Prince Philip himself was back in Wimborne later in the year to complain that politicians don't have "a significantly higher integrity rating than their constituents." More to hear from a democrat.

In 1979 Prince Charles flew to the first of his visits to the Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific outside Victoria. Later in the year the Queen Mother spent a week writing eyes. Three months later Prince Philip does a tour. A month later Princess Anne, with her unaffected charm, did Ontario. Now, we've just had, once again, poor Prince Charles, the 21-year-old heartthrob who, in an interview with highly competent reporter Mary Schreier, Howard Graffey, whatever to state a better can step above saying us from the Nixon and Ford eras, the politicians who may be more honourable are equally arrogant. All I ask is that we provide a supposedly independent source, our own card-carrying nananaky, Ian Campbell, Lay Schreier, Howard Graffey, whatever.

What is a precious commodity to be treated tenderly. There was a time when a royal visit, mid-1960s, was a national trauma. These were gods all palpitant on the curbs of Moncton and traumatised the photos for grandchildren forever after. Today? The problem, sorry to mention, is that soon the Royal breed too much. Both is the product of their love, such is the shrinking of the Empire, that the poor kids have come to kill and Canada—fond Canada—is fond to the gills with the progeny who have good manners, no ribs and nothing to do.

When the Good Queen Bess Mark II dressed in as in 1978, the year after



A reflection of quality
Marie

We asked Gord Marcil to let the creative juices flow in photographing Carrington. And that's exactly what he did. With a little help from an intriguing model. An elegantly shaped bottle. And a whisky that's inspiring image of quality.

Carrington.



A photograph of a group of people painting the exterior of a house. A woman in a white hard hat and blue overalls stands on a ladder, painting a window frame. Several other people are visible, some holding paint cans and brushes, others sitting or standing nearby. The scene is set outdoors with a city skyline visible in the background.

A Tom Sawyer Saturday-

In the best tradition of Saturdays you invite
some friends around for a casual get together. And in the best tradition
of literary imagination you bring out the paint and paint
brushes and turn a lazy afternoon into a Tom Sawyer Saturday.
Everyone hops to it. The apartment gets painted. Then out comes a
Bullfrog. It's 1½ ounces of Smirnoff® vodka that leaves you
breathless, poured into a tall glass with ice and filled with limeade.
And you all agree - Mr. Sawyer never had it so good.

Smirnoff Style

